

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



'The Lady in the Gondola—Mrs. George Swinton' (1905-6), by Walter Sickert (see page 886)

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*This slice
has something
the others haven't got*

Any healthy child will tell you that Hovis is full of flavour and quite different from ordinary bread. Yet neither children nor their parents always know that the flavour is only one of the remarkably good things about the wheatgerm bread.

Inside information. Strip off the outer husk (the bran) of a grain of wheat, and you come to the starchy white kernel. From this alone the whitest flour is made—and, if you like it, the all-white loaf that once seemed so desirable in the days when we couldn't have it.

The heart of the wheat. But best of all, the grain has its wheatgerm—small yet rich in those things the white flour lacks. When wheat is sown, it is the wheatgerm from which the new plant springs. It contains an extraordinary high proportion of the natural life and flavour that made bread, from ancient times, the staff of life.

White bread. White bread is made of flour from which all the husk of the wheat has been removed—and with the husk goes all the wheatgerm as well. By Government regulation, nutrients must be added to make up for this loss. Dieticians differ about the effect of the husks on human health, but everyone agrees that the more wheatgerm we get, the better.

What wholemeal means. It means just what it says—the whole meal, husk and all, ground into a flour with nothing added and nothing taken away. You get all the bran (which may or may not suit you) and you lose no wheatgerm, which is definitely a good thing.

Better and better. But wouldn't it be even better—since all agree that wheatgerm is so *extra* good—if we could have not only the small original portion of it, but a great deal more besides?

Well, we do—in Hovis. Hovis flour is unique. It has no husks; they have gone to do their most useful job, feeding animals. But it has *extra* wheatgerm, eight or nine times more than you get even in wholemeal.

The slice of life. That is what makes Hovis the slice of life. That is where Hovis gets its interesting taste and why it gives such energy and well-being to people who eat it regularly.

A word about your baker. Hovis is baked by your local baker. It is from his ovens that the fresh loaves come each morning, baked as he knows you like them. Give him an order for Hovis every day.

Hovis is the slice of life
so have some every day

E. T. NEVIN on British monetary policy

sterling liabilities currently amount to between £3,000,000,000 and £4,000,000,000, one begins to appreciate the magnitude of the dilemma. If one voice in the Treasury says: 'Our reserves are too low, let us raise Bank Rate to defend them', another voice will promptly say: 'But then you will increase our external interest payments, and seriously compromise our balance of payments'. Which voice prevails? If a Treasury bill rate of, say, 4 per cent. rather than 2 per cent. brings in £20,000,000 or £30,000,000 as an immediate addition to the gold reserves but adds, say, £50,000,000 to the year's interest payments abroad, is the transaction worth while? The figures I use are not entirely hypothetical. So far as one can discover from behind the cloud of secrecy with which the authorities carefully surround these matters, they are roughly the orders of magnitude involved in raising Bank Rate from 3 to 4½ per cent. in the course of 1955, and the consequent raising of the Treasury bill rate from an average of 1.8 per cent. in 1954 to one of 3.7 per cent. in 1955. Was this really an economical proposition? On what basis were the merits of an immediate strengthening of the pound compared with the cost of its weakening over the following twelve months, assuming the comparison was made at all? How is the dilemma resolved? Who, or what, holds the ring when one Treasury office cries out: 'For the sake of the pound, a high Bank Rate', and another cries out 'For the sake of the pound, a low Bank Rate'?

The Bank Rate

Here is surely one issue on which the Radcliffe Committee might well think it worth while to ponder carefully. The policy of a high Bank Rate to attract foreign funds is one of venerable antiquity. But there lies the rub. It dates from an era in which, for all practical purposes, Britain had no accumulation of external debt on which the high interest rates would need to be paid, and an era, also, in which an addition to her invisible payments abroad could be borne fairly comfortably by a reasonably strong balance of payments. Is it an anachronism in these days when the contributions it can bring in to our gold reserves will inevitably form a pitifully small heap beside our accumulated pile of outstanding debt?

If the Treasury is a house divided against itself with regard to the external effects of monetary policy, its lot is even harder where the internal effects of credit control are concerned. Once again, it is the national debt which is responsible—in this case because of its greatly increased significance as an asset in the balance-sheets of our financial institutions. Professor Victor Morgan has estimated, for example, that the national debt nowadays amounts to between 50 and 60 per cent. of the total value of private property in this country. This implies that considerably more stress needs to be laid on the debt in its capacity as an asset, rather than as a government liability, than has been the case in the past.

Here, too, it is only with the re-emergence of active credit policy in this country since the end of 1951 that the full implications of the national debt as an asset have begun to appear. And there can be little doubt, I think, that the national debt in its present form, together with the maintenance of traditional attitudes towards it in high places, has seriously hampered the operation of internal monetary policy. It is not merely a case of the long-recognised species of schizophrenia, by which one set of Treasury officials—those charged with the direction of monetary policy—cause interest rates to rise. This, of course, increases the government's annual debt charge and thus seriously compromises the efforts of another set of Treasury officials—those charged with the pursuit of economy in all forms of government expenditure. Who emerges triumphant from this struggle within the Treasury Chambers is, one supposes, partly a question of personality and partly one of hierarchical tactics. It is certainly unlikely to be a question of sheer logic and rational calculation.

An example of the kind of monstrosity which can result is provided by the reduction of Bank Rate from 5½ to 5 per cent. on February 7 of this year. One half of the Treasury apparently wished to tighten the control of the Bank of England over the money market, a process which would normally involve a rise of interest rates. The other half of the Treasury wished to avoid a further increase in the cost of the floating debt. An escape from this dilemma involved some technical ingenuity. The authorities proceeded to tighten their monetary control by a funding of Treasury bills—that is to say, by issuing a long-term security (which is an illiquid asset so far as the banks are concerned), and using the proceeds to redeem a substantial volume of Treasury bills, thereby reducing the liquidity of the banking system. Interest rates were held down until the Funding Loan was launched a week later. The disturbing

feature of the whole tortuous process was that the unhappy Chancellor of the Exchequer found himself in the ridiculous position of having to announce a reduction of Bank Rate while simultaneously advising the general public that this reduction was intended to tighten the Bank of England's control over the money market—an effect which is precisely opposite to that generally regarded as following from a fall in Bank Rate. It is not surprising that when he was asked to explain this curious paradox, the Chancellor preferred, as he put it, 'not to enter into a technical discussion'. One wonders what was the reaction to all this of the substantial group of people who have always held that the main strength of orthodox credit control lies in the psychological effects of changes in Bank Rate.

But this Jekyll-and-Hyde atmosphere in which monetary policy must be formulated is not the only source of conflict between the national debt and the efficient operation of monetary policy. In no sector has the growth in the importance of the national debt as an asset been more remarkable than in the realms of British commercial banking. In the early years of this century British banks could afford to be largely indifferent to changes in official floating debt policy. The only part of it which interested them at all was the Treasury bill issue, but the volume of Treasury bills in circulation was so small in relation to the total volume of bills of all kinds circulating in London that even a drastic change in the floating debt would hardly have worried the banks. This situation has now been completely altered. The commercial trade bill has sunk to a position of relative insignificance, and the Treasury bill now dominates the money market. For all practical purposes, indeed, the liquid assets of the British banking system, other than their cash reserves of course, are synonymous with the floating debt.

This transformation in the London money market has had two major implications, neither of which, perhaps, has yet been fully thought out. First, there has been a marked shift of emphasis during the past five years or so in discussions of British banking. The cash reserves of the banks nowadays receive less and less attention, while increasing stress is laid on their holdings of liquid assets—cash, plus loans to the money market, plus bills. Traditionally, the authorities controlled the commercial banks by regulating their cash reserves, forcing them to contract credit or enabling them to expand it as the case might be. Now the argument is that if the banks have liquid assets to spare, they can always replace any cash reserves lost through official action by simply allowing some of their bills to mature. Since the bills concerned are Treasury bills, the banks can call on the Exchequer to repay maturing bills in cash; thus the Treasury finds itself in the rather foolish position of taking cash away from the banks through monetary policy with one hand, and giving it back to them with the other hand through bill repayments.

It follows from this that so long as the banks are willing to see their liquid assets reduced, the authorities have lost control over the cash reserves of the banking system, and thus over the general level of bank credit. Hence it became of crucial importance after 1951, when active monetary policy was re-established, to discover whether there was some point below which the banks would not allow their liquid assets to fall—that is, some level of liquid assets which the banks regarded as a minimum. If there was such a point, then eventually the banks would be unable to reduce their bill holdings any further, so that they would no longer be able to force the Exchequer to replenish the cash reserves which the Treasury was trying to reduce. On the other hand, if there was no such fixed minimum point, it followed that the authorities could never rely, at any given moment, on being able to control the level of bank credit.

A Vague and Obscure Request

There was considerable dispute and discussion over this hypothetical minimum liquid assets ratio. The uneasiness of the authorities at the way in which the argument was going was reflected clearly enough by the fact that in 1955 they 'requested' the banks to regard 30 per cent. as the minimum fraction of total assets below which the banks' liquid assets should not be allowed to fall. Yet one still wonders how firmly the control over bank credit has been restored by this resort to a vague and obscure request. The banks do not appear to interpret the request too literally—one major bank published a liquidity ratio of slightly less than 30 per cent. in its return for March of this year, for example, and a second bank did the same in April. Certainly it is clear that the much increased importance of the national debt as an asset of the British banking system has resulted in a fundamental, and perhaps not wholly

advantageous, change in the technique of credit control in this country.

The second implication of the increased importance of the national debt as a banking asset is closely related to this. Given that the liquid assets of the banking system are largely synonymous with the floating debt, and given also that official control over bank credit is weakened, to put it no higher, when those liquid assets are substantially above whatever the banks consider to be the minimum level, it follows that the monetary policy decided upon by one group of Treasury officials can be undone by the activities of another group of Treasury officials having no concern whatever with monetary policy.

For example, suppose that the Exchequer finds itself temporarily spending more rapidly than it is receiving tax revenue—not a very unrealistic supposition. Its time-honoured expedient in such a situation is to meet the deficiency by expanding the floating debt. But, as I have said, this is nowadays synonymous with expanding the liquid assets of the banking system, and this in turn may have significant, and quite undesired, effects on bank credit generally. This situation actually developed in this country in 1952, in 1955, and again in 1956, leading to the absurd position, to which I have already referred, in which the authorities found themselves forced to reduce Bank Rate while at the same time exhorting the general public not to interpret that reduction in the only rational manner possible.

The dilemma is by no means insoluble, but it undoubtedly indicates the need for a re-orientation of official debt psychology. One feature of the past twenty years or so has been the growth of official holdings of the national debt; at the present time, official funds of one sort or another—some, admittedly, of a semi-autonomous nature—probably hold something of the order of a quarter of the entire national debt. It

follows, surely, that there is no longer any reason why the Exchequer should necessarily meet temporary deficiencies by the expansion of the floating debt, as has been the hallowed procedure from time immemorial. The authorities now possess an enormous stock of long-term securities which could be resold to the market at any time, without any undesired side-effects on bank liquidity. Such a procedure would in itself have far-ranging effects.

In particular, it would almost certainly depress prices in the gilt-edged market and cause long-term interest rates to rise. If the authorities were seeking to tighten credit, however, this would hardly be an undesirable development. In such a situation a rise of long-term rates is at least a logical thing to be engineering; a rise of bank liquidity clearly is not. It would also involve issues of government accounting, since government agencies might be involved in capital losses or gains by such a procedure; the concept of capital losses as part of the cost of good government is no doubt one which Great George Street would find difficult to accept.

These are complex and somewhat technical issues, but they illustrate, if no more, the need for a thorough re-thinking of our national debt policy so as to take account of the major changes which have occurred in the debt itself during the past twenty or thirty years. It may be that such re-thinking is already in progress in those obscure corridors of Treasury Chambers which are given over to the pursuit of the Higher Thought in such things. The lack of evidence of such re-thinking must make one somewhat sceptical. But it may be that the high-level probings of the Radcliffe Committee will confound the sceptics on this score, and disprove completely the suspicion that the national debt is regarded by official eyes in much the same light as it was in 1694, when the trouble all began.—*Third Programme*

Eastern Germany's Survival as a Satellite

By TERENCE PRITTIE

A FEW months ago, an East German weekly journal published a fable. Once upon a time, the fable ran, the children of the village school at Schilda were taught that two plus two equalled nine. They were dutiful children and duly repeated their lesson. But the educational authorities became worried. The fallacy, which they regarded as a simple essay in discipline, might become too obvious. They told the schoolmasters at Schilda to correct the fallacy—discreetly. Two plus two could equal eight at first, and then rather less, until the sum, in a bourgeois way, was correct. The children reacted in the wrong way. On the second day they were told that two plus two equalled seven, and some of them chalked up on the walls 'Two plus two equals four'. The schoolmasters of Schilda were scandalised, for they would never be sure again whether their pupils knew nothing, or everything.

This fable was published by *Sonntag*, which identified itself with the first resistance movement since 1945 in Eastern Germany. The story of that resistance movement has already been told in detail. It centred on Dr. Wolfgang Harich, who was arrested a week after the fable was published, and who represented a purely intellectual revolt against the glum colourlessness of East German statesmen.

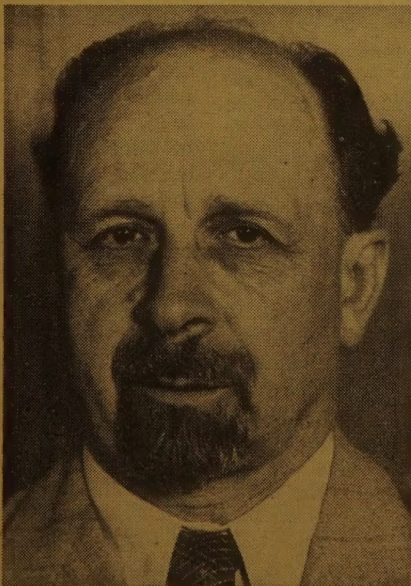
The Harich heresy was made specially interesting by the very severity with which it was repressed. The Minister of Defence, Willi Stoph, had been sent to East Berlin university to accept a staged, unanimous declaration of loyalty from the students; the party prophet, Karl Schirdewan, had told the students that Poland and Hungary meant nothing and that Eastern Germany had already chosen 'its own road to socialism'. When Schirdewan was shouted down in East Berlin and elsewhere, he was reinforced by Wilhelm Girsus and a more careful programme was drawn up for the systematic saturation of universities and technical

colleges with government counter-propaganda. High officials of the Socialist Unity Party and Free German Youth, hand-picked trade unionists, delegations from factories and state farms, and specially selected panels of 'loyal' professors—these were the agents for strangling the incipient revolt. On December 1, 1,500 Leipzig university students

were assembled to sign a manifesto against deviationism: at Dresden and Halle universities delegations secured statements from the students promising 'comradely help' and banning 'seditious discussions'. Students were expelled from all East German universities, independent student meetings were banned, and demands for reform of university curricula carefully sidetracked.

The most important result of the Harich heresy was to pin-point attention on the East German regime and its problems. What are these problems, and—more important—how far do they affect the future of Germany and central Europe? Can the Stalinist regime in Eastern Germany survive under the control of Ulbricht, and for how long? The makers of a revolution in Eastern Germany would be confronted by twenty-two Red Army divisions, by seven reasonably reliable East German divisions, by 100,000 People's Police, 70,000 security police and a frontier police-force of 20,000. An additional precaution against civil disturbance is the 60,000-strong force of factory-guards, concentrated in key industrial plants. Another June 1953 rising would be doomed to failure. Nor, as it happens, is there any sign that it is likely to occur. One particular

hazard which has been started in connection with the 1953 events is that the West German armed forces would feel obliged to intervene if their East German cousins were ever to share the recent experience of the Hungarians. German emotions, it has been suggested, would be so roused that the inter-zonal frontier would be crossed from the west and the third world war would begin.



Walter Ulbricht, Deputy Prime Minister of the East German Republic

A few months ago, two men drove up in a car to the inter-zonal frontier from the west, backed it round for their getaway, crossed a few hundred yards into Eastern Germany and shot dead a somewhat elderly member of the People's Police force. But the two men came from Spain and it is fairly sure that they were settling an old score dating back to the Spanish civil war. This, at all events, is the solitary instance in twelve years of aggressive action from the western side of the inter-zonal frontier—although refugees have been shot down in full sight of armed West German guards and innumerable shots have been fired into Western Germany by the People's Police. The fact is that, given their orders, Germans are probably the most disciplined people in the world. No West German government will order an advance into Eastern Germany; no West German intervention in a new East German revolution is thinkable. It is a convenient bogey, thought up by exponents of German reunification who believe honestly that the continued division of their country is a danger to European peace.

The recent troop-stationing agreement between Eastern Germany and the Soviet Union suggested that the Red Army will stay where it is as long as there are American forces in Europe and a Nato defence plan. Ulbricht's regime is well satisfied with this arrangement. Force cannot tumble it from power. Only one thing, indeed, can—a Russian decision that a change of government is desirable in order to win the eventual alliance of the whole German people. Such a decision would depend on whether the Ulbricht regime ceased to be sufficiently useful.

Popular Fallacies

There are a great many popular fallacies about Eastern Germany. One is that it is permanently on the verge of economic collapse and therefore an increasing liability to the Soviet Union and its satellites. This fallacy is backed by some well-known facts. The revolutions in Poland and Hungary have produced special problems in the supply of Eastern Germany with hard coal and timber from Poland, and foodstuffs and bauxite from Hungary. It has become necessary to use 70,000,000 tons of lignite a year, out of a total production of 200,000,000 tons, in order to produce electricity. Yet owing to weak current between 20 per cent. and 30 per cent. of all hours worked in Eastern Germany are unproductive. Current must be switched off in private households at peak-load periods. No electrical heating or cooking appliances can be used between 6 a.m. and 10 p.m.

There are plenty of other signs of economic ill-health. The flow of refugees to the west—280,000 last year—is causing a labour-shortage. For 80 per cent. of these refugees are between fifteen and sixty-five years old: agricultural production is static. Rationing of meat, fats, and sugar continues and Ulbricht has broken his promise to abolish it early this year. The productivity of the East German worker is 74 per cent. of that of the West German in spite of Stakhanovite methods and the granting of all sorts of incentives.

Yet Eastern Germany is far from being an economic burden to the Soviet Union. The Russian plan has been to adapt its economy to the needs of the Communist bloc, and that plan is succeeding. Not so long ago, a West German newspaper carried a headline 'Failure of the East German steel industry'. At the end of the first five-year plan, according to this journal, annual production had reached 'only' 2,500,000 tons, instead of the planned 3,000,000. But pre-war production was 1,300,000 tons. Total industrial output, in spite of the shortages of hard coal and electricity, was 60 per cent. higher in 1955 than in 1936, and although the proportion of light and consumer goods has shrunk from 51 per cent. to 38 per cent. in the last ten years, this is what the Russians want. The giant coal and steel combines created at Hoyerswerda and Furstenberg-on-Oder, the 90,000-strong labour-force digging uranium ore in the Erzgebirge mountains, the new concentration on chemicals, nickel, aluminium, above all on machinery—these are the facets of the Russian plan for making Eastern Germany into the workshop of the Communist bloc.

Expanding Trade

It has, moreover, been possible to link this forced East German economy intimately with that of the Soviet Union and satellites. Eastern Germany's foreign trade increased by 180 per cent. during the first five year plan: a more modest 70 per cent. increase is planned during the second. The dominating feature of this export trade is the machinery needed by Communist countries. In 1950 machinery accounted for only 32 per cent. of exports, in 1955 for 60 per cent., and for 1960 the planned proportion is 68 per cent. Three-quarters of all East German

exports flow to the Communist bloc, and four-fifths of those that go to the Soviet Union and China are to consist of machinery by 1960. Whereas the Soviet Union can always pump raw materials and basic foodstuffs into Eastern Germany, and so avert an industrial breakdown or a famine, it intends to derive the maximum benefit from German technical ability.

For material reasons the Soviet Union will be most reluctant to lose that benefit. But for political reasons there must be at least as strong a case for maintaining the present division of Germany. The Polish revolution should have convinced the Russians that they must retain their hold on Eastern Germany if Poland is not to go the way of Yugoslavia. The undercurrent of unrest in Czechoslovakia should have given added weight to that consideration. A pertinent question is how far Poland, and Czechoslovakia even more, might feel betrayed if Germany were reunified and the present balance of forces in central Europe disturbed. Would the growth of independent Marxism in these countries lead to a drift towards the West, towards ideals of humanitarian socialism and ideological as well as tactical coexistence? The dangers of this happening should seem obvious to the Soviet leaders.

This, then, could be the explanation of the gradual raising of Soviet terms for the reunification of Germany. These terms were set out at the beginning of February by Ulbricht, in the form of a Socialist Unity Party 'reunification programme'. They make astonishing reading. The Federal Republic should withdraw from Nato; armed forces in both parts of Germany should be strictly limited and equal in strength. A European security system embracing Germany should be evolved. All this was not new, but Ulbricht had additional demands. Capitalist monopolies, the big banks, industrial trusts and so on should be liquidated; key industries should be nationalised; land reform should be rigorously carried out.

Uninterested in German Reunification

These demands are utterly unacceptable to the 51,000,000 West Germans. The impression remains that Ulbricht was stating terms that he knew could never be accepted, because he and the Russians were no longer interested in German reunification. To rub this home both Ulbricht and his nominal superior, Prime Minister Otto Grotewohl, redefined reunification. It would, they said, take the form of a 'Staatenbund' or loose confederation of German States. In this way the 'achievements' of the East German republic would be safeguarded and the uncomfortable western enclave of West Berlin would be engulfed by the East German State.

It might be asked how Ulbricht could feel, or affect to feel, such confidence in his bargaining powers. Only a month or two earlier he had been plainly perturbed by events in Poland and Hungary. On December 2 he promised to introduce the forty-five hour working week. On December 10 he announced the setting up of 'workers' committees' which could air problems and complaints. On December 19 relaxations in the code of justice were promised. Much was made of the releases of some hundreds of political prisoners, and even more of the introduction, at Christmas, of instalment-buying in state shops—an experiment which quickly collapsed. In spite of the bold denunciations of independent, undisciplined Marxism and in spite of deliberate rebuffs to the new Polish Government, Ulbricht was worried and ready to make concessions.

It was a moment of potential crisis, which may not be repeated for years. As soon as it passed, the regime's stranglehold on Eastern Germany tightened again. The abolition of food-rationing was postponed indefinitely. The activities of the workers' committees were reduced to a farce. University students who had shown sympathy to Harich were expelled—a serious matter in Eastern Germany, involving the forfeit of a worth-while career. Attacks on the churches were stepped up and the Evangelical Congress due to be held in Erfurt had to be cancelled. On February 17 officials of the Socialist Unity Party were instructed to combat National Communism with the utmost vigour. On March 7 Harich could be brought to trial. Ulbricht evidently considered his position was unshaken. He had good reasons.

In the first place, there can never be an effective political opposition in Eastern Germany as long as the inter-zonal frontier can be crossed by 300,000 East German refugees a year. A few years ago flight was hazardous; today it is a mere formality. Over 2,500,000 visits were paid by East Germans to the Federal Republic in 1956. Many West Germans wonder why Ulbricht allows this. The answer is that he is well rid of potential political enemies. The Harich group did not constitute a national opposition. Harich was unknown outside intellectual

circles. He and his friends had not begun to influence or infiltrate the trade unions, Free German Youth, or political parties.

In the second place, West Germans are so absorbed with their own economic progress and well-being that there is as yet little chance of an active West German policy to promote contact with the East Germans. The pamphlets of the Federal Ministry of All-German Affairs remain unread, the meetings of the association 'Indivisible Germany' unattended. Shifts have to be devised, such as giving East Germans free railway warrants and ten marks travel-money, free tram tickets and trips on the Rhine. The contact which Ulbricht, with some misgivings, has allowed will never be really productive until there is a change from the present mood of exaggerated self-interest among West Germans.

Thirdly, the Soviet demand that there shall be East-West All-German talks as a prerequisite to reunification has been a barrier to all progress. It has become an article of faith for all West German leaders that there can be no talks with the present East German regime. Yet there is no hope of a different regime.

West German understanding of East German feelings is at present

bemused by the obsessive idea that there is a general desire to overthrow all forms of Marxism and embrace the political and social forms which exist in the Federal Republic. That this is not so was shown by the detailed Gallup Poll survey which the Ministry for All-German Affairs conducted among East German refugees. Twelve years of Communist rule, following on twelve years of Nazi dictatorship, have left East Germans with wild confusions of mind, a readiness to accept whatever system is imposed on them and a tendency towards 'double-think'.

Stories of rumblings in Eastern Germany are suspect, as long as the Soviet Union stands behind Ulbricht. They represent nothing more than a bearable political flatulence. Stories of imminent revolution, economic breakdown and social collapse should be discounted. Soviet patience can ensure that Eastern Germany will be kept apart and under control for a long time to come. The quest for German reunification, if it is ever to succeed, must be backed by the united strength of the West. So far there has been no sign of this happening. Instead, Eastern Germany is becoming the linch-pin of the Soviet satellite system.—*Third Programme*

University Teachers and State Security

By DAVID THOMSON

Last week Lord Chorley expressed anxiety in the House of Lords about the operation of security officers in universities. The Master Elect, and formerly Senior Tutor, of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, comments on the present situation

LET me make it clear, first of all, that it is part of the normal duty of every college tutor or university don to supply confidential reports on his pupils to their future employers. Broadly there are two sorts of questions that he has to answer. One is about their abilities and attainments, their talents and interests—fairly factual matters on which he is able to give firm and accurate information. There is usually no difficulty about that. The other sort of question is about a pupil's character and personality—even about his moral character and weaknesses of personality—and more intimate matters, involving careful personal judgement: 'Is he honest and reliable?', 'Can he be trusted with important responsibilities?', and so on. There is not much difficulty about this sort of question either, as a rule, and with experience tutors become skilful in the difficult and delicate task of being fair to pupils whilst being also honest with employers.

Why, then, should there be any greater difficulty about dons answering still more searching questions—even by security officers—about the political reliability of their pupils for jobs where, in Civil Service administration or secret scientific work, loyalty is a relevant test of being suitable?

I believe it is a don's duty to help to keep any potential traitor out of what you might call 'security-risk jobs', if in his own conscience he is convinced that there is any real danger of treachery. But I think he should embody this opinion in his answers to the second of the two sorts of question I mentioned: questions about a pupil's general reliability and fitness to take on responsibilities. I do not think he should be asked to divulge, to security officers or to anybody else, the knowledge or considerations that have led him to this verdict. In short, nothing can save the don from the professional obligation of giving his own considered judgement on his pupil's general fitness for a post: but nothing should be done, either, to extract from him details about his pupil's beliefs and opinions, political or any other.

There are two main reasons why we should scrupulously respect the privacy of undergraduates' opinions, and I think both are overwhelmingly strong. The first is that a university in a free society must be the very last place where anything impedes or inhibits the completely free play of ideas, however extravagant, and of arguments, however preposterous. If the most creative intellects of the country cannot find at the universities, in their formative years, complete liberty to pursue an idea wherever it may logically lead them, and to challenge fearlessly any accepted belief, then the life of the nation is brought into greater jeopardy than by any betrayal by any spy. Let the fear once grow that arguments in the study or books on the desk are being somehow noted and may be used as evidence of political heresy,

and the whole atmosphere of free enquiry is immediately poisoned.

The other reason seems to me, as a former college tutor and still as a university teacher, no less compelling. The don can teach his pupils successfully only through a personal relationship based on mutual confidence. Let the don once accept the notion that he must keep note of any sign of political discontent, or let the undergraduate once entertain the suspicion that he cannot talk freely with his tutor, and much of the value of university education at once evaporates. I believe this would be true among scientists; I know it would be true among historians or economists or political scientists. I should find it impossible to teach my own subject—political theory and modern history—if my students felt that an essay on Marxism which was not 100 per cent. hostile might endanger their chances of ever entering the Civil Service. I should find all intellectual integrity crumbling if it were possible for somebody to say of me to my students, 'Of course he has to argue against Marxism, or he'd be suspect himself', or 'Don't trust him if he pretends to criticise liberal-democracy—he's only fishing to find out your political beliefs'.

Yet these absurdities and these pernicious distrusting will grow, unless security officers are forbidden to ask in universities the detailed political questions they have sometimes been asking; and unless university teachers insist that it is within their own consciences, and not in the notebooks of M.I.5, that the confessional-like confidences of their pupils are measured against possible security-risks.

It is not even clear, anyway, that deliberate treachery for political reasons is the chief source of leakages—they may be due to mere lack of discretion or too much talkativeness. So it would be more to the point to ask tutors whether a man is discreet or not, than whether he is a Communist or not. And, of course, to entice or expect dons to reveal the views of their colleagues in the Common Room or at the High Table must always be pernicious and impermissible.

—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

Mr. V. J. K. Brook, Chaplain and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, has written an excellent book on *Whitgift and the English Church* for the 'Teach Yourself History' series (The English Universities Press, 8s. 6d.) It is not entirely clear how it fits in with the 'key idea' of the series which is that a biography of a great man should open up a significant historical theme. It is hard to believe that Archbishop Whitgift was a great man, although Mr. Brook puts his case persuasively, in contrast with Sir John Neale who in his latest book calls him 'repellent'. As to the theme, is the suggestion that Whitgift saved the Church of England from being conquered by the Presbyterians, as was the Church of Scotland? One fancies that the credit was due rather to Queen Elizabeth I. However, in the space at his disposal Mr. Brook has sketched a convincing portrait of the Queen's 'little black husband', as she called him, who 'lived in considerable splendour with a great number of retainers', was the patron alike of Richard Bancroft and Lancelot Andrewes, and the unyielding and unlovable enemy of the Puritan movement in England.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

The Art of Politics

DO political critics merely express their own preferences of taste or are there broad and generally acceptable principles by which they pass judgements upon institutions? This is a question which Mr. W. H. Morris-Jones, as Professor of Political Theory and Institutions in the University of Durham, discussed last year in his inaugural lecture, which has now been published by the Durham University Press. His lecture is modest in tone and stimulating in its approach; and he seeks guidance by drawing a fascinating analogy with modern aesthetic theory. Most people would agree that politics is at least to some extent an art, if only the art of the possible. Great political philosophers have usually laid down principles for which they believe the State should exist and then tried to draw up schemes—such as Plato's Republic or Harrington's Oceana—which would conduce to those ends. But equally the world has seen practically-minded political critics from Aristotle to Machiavelli. In our own times men have said, for example, that democracy is unsuited to the temperaments of citizens who live in a warm debilitating Mediterranean climate or, alternatively, that in the cold north Russians or Prussians are slavishly obedient and can only be happy under an autocracy. Even John Stuart Mill, as Professor Morris-Jones points out, wrote that

to an ordinary man his own preference is not only a perfectly satisfactory reason but the only reason he generally has for any of his notions of morality, taste, or propriety . . .

We ordinary men in art 'know what we like' and in politics 'do what we are told'.

Doubt and anxiety over the validity of sweeping principles in political theory have grown apace in modern times. Not only the 'ordinary man' but even the professional politician, it has been argued, is moved by his passions (and of course his personal interests) rather than by rational altruistic principles. Secondly, the teachings of Marx and Freud—though they were themselves both men of strong beliefs—have undermined confidence in standards of judgement as they existed, say, in the Gladstonian age. Thirdly we have recently had the attack upon traditional political philosophy as launched by the philosophical analysts: 'the search for permanent and universal principles of politics is necessarily fruitless' (they say) 'because principles of that kind cannot in the nature of the case exist'.

The task of the political theorist, according to this latter school, is to clear away some of the mists accumulated down the ages. If we once understand the many meanings that attach themselves to words like liberty, equality, or democracy we shall find—so runs the argument—that we are not really dealing with verifiable propositions. Certainly some of the ridiculous consequences that philosophers like Plato have drawn from their political theories make one suspect that their theories are unsound to begin with. Should then the modern political theorist be content (like his aesthetic colleagues, or many of them) simply to analyse political institutions (like works of art), point out their beauties and their defects, and leave it at that? But then the difficulty is on what criterion, other than that of personal taste, such an analysis can be based. Does not 'morality' pitchforked out of the window come in again at the back door? Maybe in modern times the perfectionists in politics have sustained various hard blows. But in the last resort many who have thought about these questions will agree with Professor Morris-Jones that 'the appeal beyond politics to morals must be allowed'. Otherwise the study of politics does not get one very far.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on M. Mollet's fall

THE FALL of the French Government was a major topic for commentators in many countries. From France itself, the Independent *Le Monde*, writing before the final vote, was quoted as saying that it was only right that M. Mollet should ask the Conservatives for the financial means with which to pursue the Algerian policy they want, and it was shocking to see the warmest supporters of the policy not willing to pay the bill. The Independent *L'Aurore* was quoted as follows:

To M. Mollet we are bound . . . to pay the tribute he deserves for his patriotism, his courage and his honesty. This crisis will prove justified only if it brings about a speedy formation of a government representing a wide national majority which is determined to support it unflinchingly in a clearly defined programme.

The Catholic Conservative *Le Figaro* was quoted as saying:

Except in the financial sphere, most members of the Assembly approve Guy Mollet's action in regard to Europe, Algeria, and the United Nations.

The left-wing *Combat*:

To remain in power, the Socialist Party would have been forced to meet the financial demands of the right wing, but the rapprochement with them on the Algerian question did not, in its opinion, justify the abandonment of its economic and social doctrine.

From Italy, *La Stampa* was quoted as saying that the fall of the French Government threatened to weaken free Europe at a time when difficult and decisive political choices have to be made. From West Germany, *Süddeutsche Zeitung* was quoted as saying:

In foreign policy, Mollet, together with Pineau, kept a course which no successor, whoever he may be, will radically change.

On May 20 (incidentally the day before M. Mollet's Government fell), Moscow radio interrupted its programmes to broadcast Mr. Bulganin's Note to M. Mollet. The Independent *L'Aurore*, commenting on the Soviet Prime Minister's claim to be addressing 'friendly advice' to France, observed that this 'friendly advice' was well remembered: it took the form of threatening Paris and London with guided missiles last year. The West German newspaper *General-Anzeiger*, referring to the Note as a 'clumsy overture', was quoted as saying that France had not joined Nato to safeguard itself against German aggression, but to protect itself, together with other Nato countries, against a Soviet attack. A Moscow broadcast to France stated:

It is only by overcoming the split between the left-wing forces that the country can get rid of the burden of past mistakes, swing to the left, and radically change its policy.

Moscow home broadcasts, like those directed to France, indicted M. Mollet's policy, and stressed the need for a government which would implement the programme put forward by the left-wing forces at the last elections: a 'peaceful' foreign policy, peace in Algeria, and an improvement in living conditions. Moscow radio told its Arab audiences that the main reason for the government crisis was that the Mollet Government had underestimated the strength of the 'national liberation movement of the Eastern peoples'. Now France must solve the Algerian problem and put an end to 'provocative manoeuvres' about the Suez Canal. An East German broadcast declared that M. Mollet had 'paid the price of anti-communism':

For a year and a half the Social Democrat Mollet did what the reaction wanted him to do—and yesterday that same reaction sacked him. Anti-communism is the essence of reaction in its classical form, and when a Social Democrat partakes of it he will die of it sooner or later. This is a law which no Mollet, no Saragat, can evade—nor yet an Ollenhauer.

A Rumanian broadcast said the fall of the Government was a logical result of its policy in Algeria, the 'shameful Suez adventure', the surrender to the new 'Washington-Bonn axis', and increased taxation and living costs. There had also been the betrayal of French 'lay traditions by concessions to the Vatican on the occasion of President Coty's recent visit to the Pope'. But the Mollet Government's main mistake had been to seek right-wing support rather than that of the Communists and other left-wing parties:

Only a policy of united action by the workers' and other democratic parties could—as the French Communist Party had long pointed out—provide the basis for a progressive, popular government with prospects of survival.



The seventeenth-century almshouses at Chipping Norton, in the Cotswolds

National Buildings Record

Did You Hear That?

THE GUIDE MICHELIN

'AMONG THE REGULAR annual events in France', said NEIL BRUCE, B.B.C. correspondent in Paris, in 'From Our Own Correspondent', 'one that is eagerly awaited by gourmet travellers is the latest edition of the *Guide Michelin*, the fat red book, the colour of a well-boiled lobster, which lists and grades more than 9,000 hotels and restaurants in towns and villages all over the country. It first appeared fifty-seven years ago, and it has been expanding in scope ever since. Each hotel, listed under the town that it is in, is marked with the picture of a miniature house, with from five gables for a luxury establishment down to a simple wine glass crossed with a fork to denote what is described as a very plain but adequate hotel. In the same way, restaurants are marked with crossed spoons and forks, five for the luxurious, to one for something plain but good. These signs describe the standard of comfort provided, but there is another set of symbols—stars—which mark those restaurants which have specially fine food. Three stars denotes a restaurant renowned for superb food. It is described in the *Guide* as one of the best tables in France, worth a special journey, with memorable meals. You do not ask about prices here. In the whole country there are only eleven of them and four are in Paris.

'Four years ago when the new *Guide Michelin* appeared, it was seen that one of the most famous restaurants in Paris had been demoted from three to two stars. Although the third star reappeared the next year, it was a major event in gastronomic circles and the subject of many a conversation and raising of eyebrows. Then, this year, there are fifty-five restaurants with two stars, still a very high standard, excellent *cuisine*, and worth a detour, the guide says of these. Finally, this year, 600 one-star establishments; not a large proportion of the 9,000-odd hotels and restaurants listed.

'I was talking recently to some of the members of the Michelin Tourist Service, to ask them how it was prepared, how the stars were awarded and withdrawn. In fact, the *Guide* is the result of careful and systematic planning. First, there is the correspondence; some 15,000 letters were received last year, with inquiries and with comments on restaurants and hotels visited. Each of these receives a personal reply, and the largest proportion of letters, I was told, come from England. And then there are the printed reply cards enclosed for return in each copy of the *Guide*; there is the local and the trade press, for the opening of a new restaurant in a French town is always something of an event, sure to be reported; and there are reports from Michelin agents. Last, but by no means least, are the inspectors, six who work all the year

round, and six additional men in the tourist season. They are sent out from Paris to inspect hotels and restaurants all over France. In order to maintain absolute secrecy, no man is sent twice to the same region. When he visits a restaurant, he orders his meal as an ordinary tourist. He notes all the points of interest about the food and surroundings, and only when he has finished and paid his bill does he present his card to the proprietor, and many a *patron* must have blushed at the sight of this card, knowing that the result of the visit might mean the loss of a coveted star or a crossed spoon and fork less in the next year's edition of the *Guide*. The inspector then presents his report, and the final decision on the status of the restaurant is taken in Paris.

'It is a job which requires experience and specialised knowledge, and no inspector is chosen from outside the Michelin organisation. The last two recruits had already had ten to twelve years in the Michelin service. It is well known that the French talk about their livers as we talk about the weather, and with what reason on both sides. The Michelin inspectors have the greatest excuse of all for doing so; in fact, there is a highly unreliable story going the rounds here that tells how one of the inspectors got his liver insured without revealing his job, and was later charged with trying to obtain money by false pretences'.

WIDOWS' HOUSES

At Chipping Norton Lord Euston recently reopened almshouses which were endowed by Henry Cornish in the early seventeenth century and have been restored and modernised. STEVE BLATCHFORD spoke about them in 'The Eye-witness'. 'Looking at the cottages', he said, 'there is little outward evidence of the patient and skilful work that has been carried out in the past two years. It has been done by craftsmen, all of them local men, long versed in the skills of building with Cotswold stone and slate, for this is Cotswold country. Chipping Norton lies in the northern ranges of these gently rolling hills, and all the local building in the past was done in that characteristic limestone—pale golden when new, and mellowing to a pleasant grey shade that blends perfectly with the green hills and valleys of the Cotswolds.

'The almshouses were endowed by Henry Cornish in 1640. Today, despite two years of intensive labour, they look very much as they must have done when Henry Cornish died in 1649. The approach is still through the imposing gateway whose arch bears the inscription "Remember the poor". The row of gabled cottages still shows the eight doorways of the original construction. Now, four of them are false

doors, because the main object of the modernisation and restoration has been to convert eight dwellings into four. Instead of living in primitive, two-roomed cottages, the alms-women now occupy modern homes with streamlined kitchens, hot water systems, main drainage, electric light, and tiled bathrooms. There is even a spare bedroom.

'The four widows who live in the present cottages will find very different conditions from those eight original occupants who, by the terms of Henry Cornish's bequest had to be "eight poor widows of the town resident there for seven years and who are reputed of honest and godly life and conversation". The terms are the same today, although the wording is somewhat different.

'The interiors of the four cottages retain their traditional Cotswold atmosphere. There are timbered beams in the ceilings, a considerable amount of wood panelling, wood block floors, and even leaded lights in all the main windows. In fact it is a little difficult to realise that you are in a modern house until you open the door to the bathroom and see the glazed porcelain bath, or turn round in the kitchen and notice the electric cooker'.

ART IN VANE

'Many of London's weathercocks are hundreds of years old', said MURIEL HOLLAND in 'Town and Country', 'but there are several interesting modern ones. A particularly fine one is perched on the rebuilt Dutch church in the City. It was designed by the well-known sculptor, Mr. John Skeaping, and made by Mr. Boucher of the Royal College of Art. This rooster is mobile and spins right round in a strong wind. It is probably the only weathercock in Britain with such large wide-spread wings. It was put up in 1953 and should be trouble-free for at least 400 years.

'Weather-vanes are often used as trade signs. Billingsgate fish market has two dolphins and Leadenhall Poultry Market two pheasant vanes. A beaver swings above a building in the City that used to belong to the Hudson's Bay Company.

'Over the Public Library at Battersea there is a vane in the form of a man, sitting at a desk, reading. Although not exactly a trade sign, there is another—rather amusing—weather-vane above the deanery at Sonning, Berkshire. It shows an eighteenth-century parson leaning over his pulpit and preaching earnestly—to three empty chairs!

'There are dozens more, in every shape and size. You can see witches, cats, dogs, horses, cows, ships—you can even see an angel perched up aloft blowing a trumpet. If you want to have a look at them, the best way is to wander round with a pair of binoculars. You will be surprised to find that many weather-vanes which look black when seen from the ground, are, in actual fact, brightly coloured'.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S LAST HOME

LEONARD CASSINI recently returned from Moscow, where he went to collect material for a film on the life of Tchaikovsky. While he was there he visited Tchaikovsky's last home, now a museum; it is situated near Klin, about sixty miles from Moscow. He spoke about his visit in a talk in the Home Service.

'On the northward run through birch forests', he said, 'I found it easy to steep myself in the authentic atmosphere: the luxuriant despair, the sudden soaring optimism like sunlight leaping through storm clouds. Tchaikovsky had always longed to own a country house, I reminded myself, one within sight of these very forests, of this habitual flat plain that seemed at once to mock and to console him for his own impermanence. And the wooden two-storeyed house itself, the colour of dried blood, glowed a dark welcome at me as we turned into the drive. I pushed the door open, almost tiptoed into the small hushed hallway. At the end of the hall a curtain parted, from behind it stepped an

elderly man so exactly like that last picture by Kuznetsov I could hardly believe I was not dreaming. The same white halo of hair, rounded beard, carefully cultivated moustache, the same sensitive lips.

'He stretched out his hand, and in perfect English introduced himself as Tchaikovsky's last surviving nephew, Yuri Davidov, now eighty-three. At once the atmosphere was complete. I followed Mr. Davidov up the wooden staircase to the suite of rooms Tchaikovsky had himself inhabited: the breakfast room with the sun-trap window embracing the whole corner of the house, looking straight into the heart of the woodland, and on the other side of the spacious lounge, the modest bedroom.

'But it was in the big room that Tchaikovsky could really be felt; those small possessions that mean so little to the man, and so much to history: a row of assorted cigarette-holders, some long, some stubby; a collection of batons; his opera hat, springing open at a touch of Mr. Davidov's hand.

'Here at this desk he struggled to give birth to what might be called his musical testament, the "Pathetic Symphony". It did not come easily; the first sketches he destroyed, leaving only fragments that he later turned into the third piano concerto. Yet at this dark time, in spite of gnawing self doubt, the future was much in his mind. A reminder scribbled on the blotting paper in his own hand, says in English: "Must be in London June 1894". He did not live to see that year'.

WILL THE FERRIES SURVIVE?

'It may sound surprising', said ST. J. THOMAS in 'Window on the West', 'that there are thirty ferries in Devon and Cornwall. Six of them take cars, and are busier than ever. I am more interested in the smaller

concerns—those carrying only passengers and bicycles. Among them, certainly, there are some as little known as they are little used. But if it is surprising there are thirty ferries now, at the beginning of the century the number was nearer fifty. Today, for example, there is only one regular crossing over the Tamar above Saltash; there used to be five or six—and at one time there was a passenger service, summer and winter, all the way up the river from Plymouth to Calstock. The decline in ferries is not new; but it is now reaching a crucial stage. The immediate difficulty is

that most of the ferrymen are ageing and few of them have sons to take their place.

'Most of these small ferries are one-man businesses. The rights are leased by the local landlord or estate. Made long before the horseless carriage was dreamt of, the agreement usually states there must be a service between certain hours all the year round. That is the first snag. In July it may be pleasant taking visitors to and fro—and profitable; in winter the estuaries are rough and very few passengers present themselves. Most of the ferries are merely open boats. Such traffic as there is, is apt to come early in the morning, at lunch time, and again in the evening. There is no eight-hour day for the ferryman, and even if he goes home between times he is always on call. If the bell on the other side of the river clangs in the middle of a bleak February afternoon, he has to dress up, start the engine from cold, and cross and recross the river—all, perhaps, for a sixpenny fare.

'But I do not want to paint the picture too black, because some of the smaller concerns are healthy enough. Exmouth still receives nearly all its parcels *via* Starcross; visitors queue at Teignmouth harbour for Shaldon, and at Cremyll the boats are as busy as ever.

'On the other hand, when the Turnchapel service was recently offered for sale at Plymouth there were no bidders for the company operating it all the year round. And only after two years of negotiations have British Railways agreed not to withdraw their Dartmouth service, which runs in connection with the trains at Kingswear. It is perhaps fairer not to mention the one-man ferries by name, but the authorities should take note that among the first likely to close are several which provide links in the new continuous footpaths round the south-west coastline'.



The weathervane on a farm at Terling (Essex) and (right) that on the 'Three Travellers' inn at Dagenham



The Relevance of Theological Liberalism

By the Rev. B. M. G. REARDON

IT is still difficult for us, in mid-twentieth century, to make a really just appraisal of the theological thought of the nineteenth. As we now see it, it stands for liberalism, and for the past thirty years or so liberalism in theology has been under repeated censure. In this (as in much else), the nineteenth century seems peculiarly open to attack. It relied too much on philosophical assumptions which, following a sudden change in the intellectual climate, quickly lost what validity they ever had. We may wonder whether philosophy today offers any more congenial alternatives; but subservience to philosophers is not a conspicuous vice of our contemporary theologians. (The existentialist Bultmann, I fancy, is the outstanding exception.) I submit, however, that there is good reason why we should not so complacently cry down the achievements of the nineteenth-century teachers. If their mistakes seem to be greater than in fact they were, it is mainly because we fail to see their aims in due perspective. The 'humanistic' liberal attitude, as Karl Barth and others are never tired of reminding us, is intrinsically alien to a dogmatic founded on the authority of a transcendent revelation. Even so, I believe that the liberal attitude embodies elements of truth which it would be wrong to ignore.

Basic Questions

I do not here refer simply to methods. On that score it is grudgingly allowed that nineteenth-century scholars—Lachmann and Baur and Wellhausen—have put us in their debt. I have in mind certain basic questions which the liberals had insight enough to ask, which they no doubt answered inadequately but which are still relevant and important.

These questions have to do with the essential meaning of revelation and belief. We cannot fairly dodge the issue by arguing that they are not in fact theological questions at all, and that the theologian has no real concern with them. For unless we do try to answer them, our theologising proper will look increasingly artificial, as indeed it has done of late. We need, of course, as clear a knowledge as possible of what the Biblical authors themselves understood by what they wrote, and we must avoid obscuring their meaning by reading into it the presuppositions of an altogether different age—an error into which the liberals only too readily fell. But it is no less necessary that what we present to the world as Christian truth should be both intelligible to, and significant for, the mind of our own time. A theology which is really little more than a museum of obsolete and sometimes fanciful notions contradicts the sole end for which 'sacred doctrine' may be said to exist at all: namely, as an interpretation of man's life in terms of God's purpose. And it was exactly such an interpretation which the nineteenth-century German liberals had consistently in view. It was not enough, as they saw it, that Christian faith should be extracted from the husk of a pedestrian orthodoxy; it was also necessary to show forth the divine truth itself in its intrinsic power and appeal. This could be done only on the basis of a realistic knowledge of the Bible through a scientific study of the text, exactly parallel to the study of other literatures—for example, that of ancient Greece.

Their claim to liberty in the scientific investigation of the Bible was not so much a token of scepticism and infidelity as of a trust in the resilience of truth itself. No impiety was implied in trying to understand the Bible in the light of history. As a collection of documents it belonged to history and could be profitably studied only under the forms with which history had clothed it.

This attitude, in the first decades of the last century, was so novel as to be startling, and the Higher Criticism, as it was called, met with frantic opposition. Since then the work of its more moderate exponents has developed into a sort of orthodoxy on its own; and this in its turn has brought about the return to dogma of which I am speaking. Our current theology insists upon the truths of divine transcendence and on 'objective' revelation. Revelation, we are told, is something more than—to use the Hegelian idiom—the progressive self-realisation of Spirit in history; and very much more than the mere historical expression of an alleged innate religious capacity or bent of the human mind itself. Therefore we have nothing whatever to learn from the masters

of the last century. Yet surely their insights may have some permanent validity, even when, in expression, ambiguous, questionable, or plainly false. We must first ask: what were the questions which appeared then to be most pressing? and we shall discover they are questions which we ourselves have been apt to forget.

The great query to which the liberals addressed themselves was this: Should a man be faced only with the alternatives of a stagnant orthodoxy and the sceptical rationalism of 'free thought'? How—if he really wanted to believe—could he arrive at an authentic knowledge of God? The importance of this was first clearly underlined by the German Romantic theologian, Friedrich Schleiermacher, whose *Discourses on Religion* were published in 1799. His book marked the beginning of an epoch in German religious thought. One sentence in it might well serve as a motto for the whole liberal movement: 'You cannot', he says, 'believe in God arbitrarily, but only because you must'. (*Thr könnt ihm nicht glauben willkürlich, sondern weil ihr müsst*.) We should weigh these words with the utmost care. Schleiermacher means that belief must be freed from all external and adventitious sanctions so as to allow it to take shape under the impress of truth itself. His followers have differed widely from one another in temper and interest, but all of them have been disposed to insist on this criterion. Why, then, do their modern judges repeatedly dismiss the liberal outlook as 'negative'? Because, I think, they find in it a veiled attack on the whole orthodox conception of 'the Word of God revealed'. Exposed to liberal influences, theology ceases to be God-centred; 'mind' replaces the Holy Spirit and 'religious experience' revelation. The liberal teaching probably does tend to be subjective and therefore anthropocentric. Consider what Schleiermacher, in a subsequent work, *The Christian Faith*, has to say about the 'evolutionary' character of revelation; or take the affirmation of Albrecht Ritschl, fifty years or so later, that religion alone ensures man's freedom; and you must feel that the main charge against liberalism stands, from the orthodox point of view. Nevertheless, we must distinguish the liberals' overall intentions from the more unhappy consequences of their general mode of thinking. Liberalism was not a calculated attempt to undermine the foundations of the traditional faith. Its essential message cannot be hustled off along with an obsolete metaphysic.

Religious Experience

I have already alluded to an expression which used to be thoroughly respectable, but is now hardly to be used without a blush: the term 'religious experience'. The nineteenth century gave it a variety of connotations, but we may broadly distinguish two contrasted meanings. To the first of them no one takes real objection; it is the second which appears so equivocal. On the one hand are those who have no wish whatever to throw doubt on the reality of the object of such experience. For them subject and object admit of no confusion; without its object the 'experience' would not be possible. This object—call it, if you will, the content of revelation—is historically mediated and its nature and activity defined in dogma. Faith is experiential—yes; but this is simply to say that it must be distinguished from a bare intellectual assent to doctrinal formulas. 'That religion'—I quote the words of the late Professor Clement Webb—'should be rightly described as an "experience" of ours is thus in no way inconsistent with its being at the same time a "revelation" of himself to us on the part of God'. On the other hand, however, the whole significance of religious experience may be, and sometimes has been, represented as belonging to its subjective character, as nothing other than the embodiment of a capacity rooted in human nature itself. On this view its interest is primarily psychological and ethical. It discloses within the mind an aptitude for a certain kind of behaviour, on the strength of which man may be fitly described as a 'religious animal'.

It is in the latter sense that the term was used by William James in his famous Gifford Lectures on 'The Varieties of Religious Experience'. He sees religion as comparable with aesthetic feeling. It finds expression in a human activity, the modes of which are almost infinitely

various. Its historical development is in fact necessary to its continuing life, since the self-realisation of the human spirit is possible only through the particular forms of its concrete objectification. But these historical forms are in no single instance final. Each must give way to another, 'for religion', it has been said, 'lives through the death of religions'. This extreme 'subjectivist' theory has lately been revived, from the standpoint of modern logical empiricism, by Professor R. B. Braithwaite, of Cambridge, who contends that 'the primary use of religious assertions is to announce allegiance to a set of moral principles', and invokes, in support of his view, the teaching of that eminent nineteenth-century English liberal, Matthew Arnold. He does not, he claims, ignore the differences between religious and moral assertions. Religious assertions are as a rule embodied in stories or myths, expressible in terms of empirical propositions, since only thus can they be verifiably understood. But he denies that it is necessary, on empiricist principles, for 'the asserter of a religious assertion to believe in the truth of the story involved in the assertions'. It is necessary only that the story should be entertained in thought.

I am not claiming that these disparate views of 'religious experience' were held in clear and deliberate contrast to each other. They are distinguishable; but because they easily merge, any attempt to authenticate Christianity by appeal to 'experience' is now suspect. The contemporary theologian would probably point out that even among those who have used the word with a genuinely theological and not merely a psychological reference, there remains a certain ambiguity, a failure perhaps to emphasise the sheer 'givenness' of revelation, and so an excessive preoccupation with the human agencies through which that revelation reaches us. The liberal teachers, they urge, give the impression that what in traditional language is said to have been 'revealed' ought more fittingly to be called a 'discovery'; whereas, for themselves, God's action is preventive, always prior to man's apprehensions.

I personally feel that these criticisms are one-sided and that the 'return to dogma' has carried us too far. Schleiermacher and his followers did for theology a profoundly important service when they gave central position to the idea of religion as experience. They conceived religion to be, in its essential meaning, a personal encounter of man with God on the planes both of human society and of the individual life. From this encounter—and from this alone—a faith worthy of the name is born. It creates a certitude—one might say, a knowing—which is authentic, being founded directly upon the object of faith itself. Faith in Christ, as distinct from belief or speculation about him, will, that is, be a true faith because the outcome of a living experience. The believer receives, as Schleiermacher himself puts it, an *Eindruck*, an 'impression' of Christ in heart and mind. This impression and its resultant faith are, in fact, elements or 'moments' in a single movement of apprehension. The priority of the impression is simply that which properly belongs, in the recognised language of theology, to preventive grace. The 'truth' as thus known is essentially the truth which is in Christ Jesus.

I cannot think that this view materially contradicts our traditional theology. It is opposed only to the dry-as-dust impersonal manner in which, unfortunately, the traditional teaching was commonly presented.

The old orthodoxy had become blind to the real nature and function of dogma; for dogma is much less a statement of abstract truth than the symbol of an existential reality. By pointing to—not by de-limiting—God's self-revelation, dogma is a guide, for those who accept it, to that larger knowledge of the spiritual order which comes through personal moral decision.

Religious belief must be a personal conviction impressed upon reason and conscience by the intrinsic force of truth itself—self-authenticating truth—which calls for no better 'evidences' than its own inherent appeal. That is what Schleiermacher, and the liberal theologians after him, from Baur to Troeltsch, wanted to say. External 'proofs', of the kind to which the older apologists most often appealed, were thus beside the point; any belief founded upon them would be merely arbitrary, *willkürlich*. Miracles are an example: or prophecies, or the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Bible. The truth which the Bible holds for the believer does not depend on the sanction of a theory which the Bible itself nowhere teaches. Again, we cannot justify the Gospel simply by pointing to the misery of the sinner. If we embrace it, we must do so because of something more than fear of the consequences of the human predicament. Belief induced in any of these ways is arbitrary and to that extent unauthentic.

We today would do well, I think, to remember this. The more recent influence of the existentialist mode of thinking is helping us to correct the one-sided 'objectivism' at which Karl Barth seems to aim, and to reassess the function of the subject himself in the act of knowing. Barth's fear of 'subjectivism'—and his open contempt for the great Liberal writers—are in some ways understandable. The danger, as he has seen it, is that man will neglect and forget the priority of God—will, in effect, end by thinking of himself as equal with God and so justified in sitting in condescending judgement upon God's revelation. The fallacy in the Barthian argument seems to me its confusion of theological method with the actual content of doctrine. The fact that the Christian thinker has to begin with his own experience—with himself, that is to say—does not imply that he thereby substitutes his own subjectivity for God, especially when he realises that the light of his reason—the candle of the Lord, as Whichcote called it—is itself God's gift and that therefore, as between reason and revelation, there is no inherent contradiction.

A Barthian emphasis on the 'givenness' of dogma may lead us to mistake form for substance; and where the forms of faith have long ceased to convey meaning or to appear relevant, rejection of the substance is the almost inevitable consequence—as we are discovering today. Christianity claims that God in Jesus Christ has spoken to *man*, and that he still does so through the Bible and the witness of the Church. But if this Word is to reach the men and women of the present age, or any other, it must find them where they are and as they are. It must speak to them in their situation and through their subjectivity. A reactionary dogmatism, stressing whatever in scripture and church doctrine is most alien to the outlook of the vast majority of ordinary men and women, will only bedevil the task of proclaiming, challenging, evangelising—above all, perhaps, of communicating—which for all who believe the gospel is surely pre-eminent.—*Third Programme*

Have Large Firms an Advantage in Industry?

By H. P. BARKER

LET us be clear about one thing from the start. It would make no sense for me to talk about this subject as if the merits and demerits of large and small firms could be neatly evaluated and some pseudo-academic conclusions drawn about the optimum size for industrial concerns; indeed, it would make no more sense than to compare the virtues of bullocks and bees. There will always be plenty of space for large firms and plenty of niches for the small, unless some monstrous political perversion should eliminate small firms or some cataclysm abolish all large-scale human enterprise.

By a 'large firm' I do not mean large in money turnover, as I can imagine that a diamond merchant might do a very large business with a staff no larger than a village grocer. By large I mean any firm which employs more than 2,000 or 3,000 people at one establishment or divided among several different ones, and this emphasises an important

distinction which cuts across all comparisons of size. On the one hand there is the case of a single large factory or, say, department store which represents the whole operating entity of a large firm on one site. On the other hand there is the quite different type of largeness where a single firm owns and operates a chain of individually small establishments, be they shops or factories, and these in turn may be all of one kind, such as a chain of shops, or of different kinds, like a group of manufacturing units each making a different product but sharing a common direction and ownership. This sort of firm represents the modern trend and does in fact provide a compromise of the best kind by combining the special virtues of small business units under an umbrella of corporate security.

An analogy, which I hope you will not think too fanciful, is to compare the mechanics of the evolution of firms with the evolution of



Factory workers: are they less happy than—

animal species in the natural world. Animals are now said to evolve by a subtle process of adaptive evolution, and this conception has replaced in genetics the Victorian conception of the survival of the fittest—'gladiatorial evolution', as I think Huxley called it. This conception of adaptive evolution in the animal world rests on the belief that a species survives and advances because of the increased fertility which results from a superior power of adaptation to the environment. This analogy holds good in industry. Any firm which is in tune with its environment will find that opportunities will breed in profusion. Conversely a firm which adopts a static attitude in a dynamic world may certainly prosper, and for long periods, but it must eventually be borne down by the superior adaptation of its competitors.

I think we can press the animal analogy a little further. It is roughly true in the animal world that the largest animals live the longest. One reason is that it is easier for them to retain the heat of their bodies. A small animal has to eat like mad to live, whereas a larger one can devote more of its plan of life to other pursuits. The small firm has to struggle hard because it cannot, so to speak, miss a meal or it dies. And there is another thing: although all animals have natural enemies it is again roughly true that the expectation of death from a predator is less in the larger animals than in the small. Large animals would be a better risk in a natural accident insurance policy as they will 'meet their own predators' less often. Yet the world remains full of small animals just as it is full of small firms. The reason is that small animals can breed not only more ubiquitously but also with greater natural fertility than large ones. The balance of nature could not be maintained without them; no more could the balance of industry be maintained with large industrial animals alone.

This rather seductive analogy having served its purpose I suggest that large firms acquire their size from two essentially different types of motive. The first I will call the industrial motive, which is healthy, and the second the non-industrial motive, which is not always so healthy. By the industrial motive I mean the normal commercial development of a product or service which the public wants; for instance, the motor-car industry or the chain store. There is also the vertical type of growth in which a seller expands downwards towards his raw materials, or a primary producer expands upwards towards the end products of his primary material. The soap and oil industries are such cases. Then there is the kind of expansion in which a successful firm seeks to diversify its business and its opportunity and to carry its financial eggs in several baskets. Many engineering firms are in this category. And, lastly, there is the type of expansion by which whole industries are aggregated under a single control because they cannot effectively be operated in any other way. Electricity and railways are examples.

All these are normal and economically healthy reasons for expansion,

but there are also non-industrial and less healthy types of growth. Among these there is the type which starts and ends in the Stock Exchange and where the sole reason is the prospect of making a profitable flotation. Then there is a type of adiposity which often occurs when a successful company becomes possessed of large resources from past profits. The directors then look round for ways of investing the surplus fat merely because they have it; and, incidentally, the shareholders often wish the directors would let *them* invest it for themselves, but this is another matter. Then there is the type of large business born only out of doctrinaire or political considerations. Last of all, there is the industrial giant created primarily to satisfy the megalomania of one man. Perhaps this phenomenon belongs to the past now, for today extreme megalomania is well curbed by taxation. So much, then, for the origin of large firms.

Small firms are started either because a geographically local demand needs to be filled or because a new invention or product arrives, or perhaps more often because an individual man wants to be in business for himself: or, of course, a combination of these things. All these motives are *per se* good and valuable.

We can now start comparing large and small firms from several separate standpoints. First, I suggest that it is a primary prerequisite of efficiency in any firm or institution that all its employees should understand and respect the purposes of the firm, and that the individual employee or executive should not be asked to treat as his life's work the furtherance of a hotch-potch of objectives. This situation

can arise when big firms are built for what I have termed unhealthy reasons. A man, be he workman or executive, can feel satisfied by the fact that he makes diesel engines or toys. But do not ask him to become enthusiastic about both at once. Big firms with diversified businesses must break them down into units, each with a comprehensible objective. A firm which grows healthily finds little difficulty in doing so but an artificial industrial empire can easily founder because the motives of the builder cannot be properly disseminated among the employees. The small firm has no such problem because the *raison d'être* of a small firm is apparent to all.

Secondly, in what ways and in what fields can large firms serve the national economic interest better than small? There are now many fields in which size is essential for efficiency. A small steel works, for example, is an economic nonsense. A small aircraft manufacturer cannot support the massive technical resources needed to design and build a competitive product, and, in such a field, too many small firms competing for and fragmenting a limited technical force can in fact injure the national well-being considerably. When one turns to the retail world, it is much harder to know where the national economic



—the man in the small shop?

Henry Grant

interest lies. On the one hand, the conclusion is irresistible that the modern chains of soft-goods shops succeed in giving the public splendid value for money and make fortunes in doing so; clearly they are performing a highly efficient service to the community. On the other hand, a village greengrocer who draws his supplies partly from a central market and partly from the produce of nearby land could not, I think, achieve a better economic service if his shop became part of a nationwide chain. Indeed, it could be that a barrow-boy working for himself is probably a more efficient producer of service to the community per man hour and per pound of national investment than many other business men.

Higher Survival Value of Large Firms

A third standpoint of comparison is that of stability. Stability is obviously a good thing from the point of view of the owners and the employees, but it may not be a good thing from the point of view of the nation. It is statistically clear that large firms have a higher survival value in a competitive world than small firms. To the extent that this is a beneficial result of efficiency or diversity, it is good and healthy, but to the extent that it is the result of the vested interest of commercial or trade-union monopoly it is clearly bad. I think on the whole we have too much commercial stability in England. We are extremely clever at the preservation of the *status quo*. It is too easy in England for a sub-economic firm to achieve a kind of armour-plated catalepsy in which it can protect itself from the cold wind of competition by subtle defensive devices. To put it crudely, there is not enough bankruptcy and company liquidation in Britain. After all, if there are weeds in a garden, weeding is necessary to clear the land, and even weeds can produce compost for future growth.

A fourth aspect is that of adaptability. It is in this field that a small firm shows up to great advantage. There is far less administrative inertia and internal vested interest in small firms. In consequence, they can seize opportunities more quickly; furthermore, they can provide the working environment for genius more easily than large firms. Much is talked about team spirit—a great thing in itself. But a true genius is a one-man team and he is often stifled in large concerns. There is a further virtue of negative adaptability, so to speak, in the small firm. If its chosen activity fails, it goes out of business. By contrast, if that same activity is being pursued as one department of a large firm, it may tend to be perpetuated purely because of internal, vested interests or considerations of prestige. Its existence may debilitate the more prosperous departments and make them less efficient. There is far more internal subsidisation in large firms than is generally realised, and the total effect of this can be harmful. But not all large firms are unadaptable. Many large firms have managements with vision to see the opportunities of a changing world and they have also the resources to seize them.

It is sometimes said that in the atmosphere of large firms the entrepreneurial blood runs thin and managers tend to take an administrative rather than an adventurous view of commercial life. I think on the whole this is exaggerated. Successful industrial managers are generally either technical men who are, after all, the heirs to a century of professional adventure, or at a different extreme they are instinctive money makers who regard the making of profits as an adventure in itself, even though they do not directly participate in them. I do not think that a man's urge to make profits is necessarily blunted if he is paid a fixed salary. If it be true that large undertakings are sometimes lacking in entrepreneurial drive, it is because the men in whose stomachs the fires burn sometimes find themselves contained in a spongy cocoon of benevolent negativism of the kind which makes it hard to close a factory which has ceased to be useful, to change the job of a man who could be better employed elsewhere, or alter a pattern of activity which has been overridden by changing events. Taking all in all, the economy of the country adapts itself to a changing world as much by the influence of the large firms as by the small.

Sweeter Success, More Bitter Failure

Now, a word about profits. Large personal incomes can be earned by the owners of small firms. The fruits of success are sweeter but the penalties of failure are swifter and more bitter. It would interest me to know, taking account of a loss of capital by bankruptcy and liquidation, whether the average return on capital is higher in small firms than in large. Economic studies which have been made on this question suggest that they are much the same. This fact is perhaps

the best illustration of all of the inner balances of all these comparisons. For example, large firms are economically able to afford high-powered technicians, but this is balanced by the fact that their internal rigidities of salary structure often preclude them from paying the market price for such men. Correspondingly, large firms can achieve great economies by bulk buying, but against this, dragging as it were below the water line, are the barnacles of administrative delay and misunderstanding, of 'memo' writing, and the personal strains which always develop when people have to cause action at a distance through paper. Many of the allegedly implicit advantages of size are an illusion in the real world.

Perhaps the most important of all the comparisons is the question: Are people on the average happier in small firms than in large? A variety of evidence suggests they are, and this gives rise to intriguing lines of reflection. It seems true in the industrial world that although want and fear in the Victorian sense have been greatly alleviated, the man at the machine in the large factory is less happy than the man in the greengrocer's shop. What is it in the industrial environment that makes so many people unhappy and makes them express their unhappiness either by neurotic illness or unreasonable industrial behaviour? Clearly, men and women cannot be coaxed into contentment by high wages, joint consultation, canteens, and all the orthodox liberal paraphernalia offered by the large employers. True it is that they are often unhappy without these things but true also that they are often just as unhappy with them.

All this may sound as an assault on conventional ideas about industrial welfare. Maybe it is. I remember seeing an advertisement of a dairy which said: 'Our milk comes from contented cows'. A nice slogan for a dairy, but who wants to be a contented cow? I find great reassurance in the fact that men and women refuse to find contentment solely in the industrial equivalent of lush pastures and clean stables.

Greengrocer's Assistant and Machine-minder

The paradox is surely a simple one. The assistant in the greengrocer's shop is in the main a contented man because his personal existence is acknowledged by those he serves. He is conscious of his own place in society and of the value which he and others attach to his work. But the man in the factory cannot derive the same satisfactions. The value of his work is often not personally acknowledged by anybody. How monstrously stupid we are in industry in our dealings with the man at the machine. We will spend vast sums on machines and hardly give a thought to treating the machine operator as a person. Whether to be praised or to be sworn at, men like to be treated as individuals by individuals. A man is much less affronted if he is reproved as an individual than if he is coldly neglected. Many large factories are lonely places where men and women feel lost and their dignity wounded. To give them a nice new canteen is about as effective, considered as a gesture, as a man giving a neglected wife a cheque without comment. Every man in a factory seeks to create a social environment which he understands and in which he has a recognised place, and here I paraphrase Elton Mayo. But it is much easier for a man to understand the society of a small firm with a proximate boss who treats him as a person than for him to understand the complex and impersonal structure of a large factory.

To sum it all up: the plethora of small firms are not simply the scavengers and gleaners of the business world. They are as essential as they are ubiquitous. They prevent the national economy from congealing into over-organised lumps and they provide a very large proportion of the men and women of the country with their daily living in a psychologically congenial atmosphere. But the great companies have to play a dominant role in basic technological development, and Britain cannot survive unless they prosper.

So although size in industry is often an advantage and sometimes a necessity it is not implicitly beneficial. The important thing is that large organisations should understand and accept the special virtues of small ones and small ones should appreciate the special problem and potentialities of the great undertakings.—*Third Programme*

An Improved 'Roving Eye' by T. Worswick and G. W. H. Larkby of the Designs Department, B.B.C. Engineering Division, is the latest addition (No. 12) to the series of monographs written in the Division. About six of these monographs are produced each year. The price is 5s. a copy or the annual subscription is £1 post free. Orders can be placed with newsagents or booksellers, or with B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

The Indian Mutiny—III

The Muslims and the 'Mutiny'

By A. R. MALLICK

THE question whether the great Indian uprising of 1857 was simply a military mutiny or whether in fact it was a war of independence was keenly debated in the past and is to this day as warmly contested in both India and Pakistan. I do not claim that I shall settle that controversy here but I hope that a discussion of the role of the Muslims in that situation will throw some light on the issue. For a start, this means probing into the Muslim mind before the 'mutiny'.

The history of the Indian Muslims during the formative period of the British Empire in India is the history of a community aware of its former political greatness and of its gradual decay, fighting desperately an unequal battle against the unfavourable circumstances brought about by a changed political situation. If I briefly survey the economic consequences of the loss of political power by the Muslims and the effects of the East India Company's policies upon the community's life it will, I hope, make the point clear.

During Muslim rule the conquering Muslim aristocracy had claimed all the higher, more lucrative appointments in the government—in the army, in the revenue administration and in the judicial and political services. The monopoly of army command was first to go, as a natural consequence of the loss of political power: and for those who had commanded or served in the armies of the princes there was no place in the Company's armies, where Indians were reduced 'to the dead-level of common soldiering'.

The management of land revenue, under Muslim governments, had also been the preserve of the Muslim aristocracy. But by farming the revenues to the highest bidder Warren Hastings swept away some of the hereditary Muslim landlords. Other high Muslim officials, 'with their troopers and spearmen', who had supervised the actual collections, were replaced by English district officers, the Collectors. Then Cornwallis' Permanent Settlement of 1793, with its unaccommodating sale laws, transferred the Lands of Bengal and Bihar in perpetuity to new zemindars and seriously damaged the position of the great Muslim houses. As one of the servants of the Company said: 'It elevated the Hindu Collectors, who up to that time held but unimportant posts, to the position of landholders, gave them a proprietary right in the soil and allowed them to accumulate wealth which would have gone to the Mussulmans under their own Rule'. The superior Muslim revenue officers and the actual owners of the land were thus displaced from their positions by the English and the Hindus.

The next great blow to the fortunes of the Muslim upper classes was dealt by the resumption proceedings of the Company. Under the Muslim governments it was common practice to reward worthy officers and persons of scholastic distinction or religious merit by grants of lands in lieu of salaries or pensions in cash. The Company doubted the genuineness of many such grants of rent-free lands and passed a series of laws between 1793 and 1828 for their review. In the actual operation of these laws great injustice was often done by ambitious officials, with extensive authority, who acted as both prosecuting officer and judge. The hasty and inequitable resumption of lands impoverished a large number of the Muslim families and destroyed some Muslim religious and educational foundations. This happened, it should be noted, after over sixty years of British rule when grantees had grown careless as to proofs in their long enjoyment of possessions. The accumulated penalty thus fell upon a single generation. When power and office were lost to

them many ancient families who relied upon their rent-free lands were ruined by the strict application of severe resumption laws or the injudicious conduct of the Company's over-zealous officials.

The third source of income for the Muslim aristocracy had been judicial and political appointments. During the first fifty years of the Company's rule the Muslims retained a large share of state patronage. But from Cornwallis' day, when from distrust of native agency he replaced senior Muslim officers by Englishmen, the tide turned; first slowly and then with a constantly accelerating pace. Translation made Muslim interpreters of their laws redundant, and the substitution for

Persian of English or a vernacular in offices and courts made Muslim learning useless. Indeed the retention of the Persian language until 1837 beguiled the Muslims into neglecting English education, to which the Hindu community had already turned—Muslim readjustment was painful and slow. By 1856 not only had the Muslims' monopoly in various departments of government been broken down but the change of official and court languages and the new procedure of appointment adopted had so worked to their disadvantage as completely to reverse the proportions of the two main communities in government employment.

Neither did the Muslim lower classes fare better under the Company's administration. Skilled weavers were ruined by Lancashire mills. Peasants were subjected to the exaction and oppression of Hindu landlords and British indigo planters, both enjoying the protection of the Company. Redress of their grievances against these two classes of people was almost impossible because of the complicated system of the civil and criminal courts, the expenses and delay involved and the corruption and intimidation practised by the planters, the zemindars and their Hindu agents.

The solution to their problems lay in education; but the educational policy of the Company was ill adapted to Muslim needs. As in Christian Europe, so in Muslim India, education was held to be ultimately linked with religion. Under English rule the Muslims were offered either secular education, often by Hindu teachers, or education in missionary schools. Muslim rulers and great nobles had patronised learning by grants of large estates as endowments for schools and colleges. By their munificence and liberality they had opened their doors to the poor as well. But, as I have shown, the wealthy had been reduced and many Muslim educational foundations destroyed. Moreover, a new utilitarian stress upon western education through the medium of English was followed by the withdrawal of patronage from the Oriental Colleges which the Company had earlier supported, and this led to the gradual decay and ultimate extinction of these institutions.

The 'new' education, without any connection with Islam or its culture, was naturally repugnant to the well-to-do. For the poorer Muslims, virtually excluded from government schools by the imposition of tuition fees, there was no longer any hope of private generosity and patronage. Yet where an occasional Muslim endowment had survived the resumptions, it was often used by government to maintain institutions crowded with students of other communities. No wonder that educated and intelligent Muslims noted with disgust and hatred the scrupulous care taken by certain of the Company's servants in utilising the donations and subscriptions of the Hindus for the education of the youths of that community alone.

But it would be unfair to suggest that these policies were deliberately



Bahadur Shah II, last of the Mughal Emperors, to whom the mutineers swore allegiance at Patna

aimed at the ruination of the Muslim community. It is possible that the servants of the Company, in their attempt to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number, overlooked the peculiar needs of Muslims. There was a close co-operation between the Hindus and the Company during the early years of British administration. The Muslims, on the other hand, were suspected of disloyalty and the apprehension of Muslim discontent haunted the minds of the early administrators; the reliance on the goodwill and co-operation of the Hindus was then thought by the Company to be the safest course to follow. In pursuance of this policy, Ellenborough reinstated the supposed gates of Somnath in 1842 and wounded Muslim sentiment by giving it a wide publicity. In 1843 he wrote to Wellington: 'I cannot close my eyes to the belief that that race (the Mohammedans) is fundamentally hostile to us and our true policy is to reconcile the Hindus'. Thus, although the annihilation of the Muslims was not deliberately planned by the Company, the conduct of some of its officers and the fact that its policies, in most cases, worked to the disadvantage of the Muslims were enough to antagonise them against the government.

The Faraizi and Wahabi Movements

The Muslim reaction to the pressures of the English and Hindus was expressed in the Faraizi and Wahabi movements—movements religious in origin, shaped by economic and communal forces, and finally political in form. In East Bengal the reform movement started by Shariatullah assumed an economic and to some extent political character under the leadership of his ambitious son, Dudu Mian. The Superintendent of Police reported in 1852 that Dudu Mian had under him 80,000 active followers whose real object was generally thought to be 'the expulsion of the then rulers and the restoration of the Mohammedan power'. He recommended his transportation for life as a dangerous intriguer. With the outbreak of the Mutiny he was confined in the Alipur gaol as a state prisoner.

While Dudu Mian was causing considerable excitement in East Bengal, Titu Mir in West Bengal had succeeded in stirring up the dormant fanaticism and hatred of the masses. Infuriated by the oppression of the Hindu landlords, he broke into revolt against them and the planters of the locality. Emboldened by his initial success against them and the government, he announced that 'the period of the British rule had expired and the Mohammedans, from whom the English usurped it, were rightful owners of the Empire'. Titu fell fighting in 1831; his lieutenant was hanged and the ringleaders of the movement, about 140 in number, were either deported or served with various terms of imprisonment.

Meanwhile, a more systematic and planned movement had been started in 1816 by Syed Ahmed of Rai Bareilly. Starting as a religious reformer, he turned political leader, collected an army of crusaders, and in 1826 declared a *jihad* or religious war against the Sikhs in the Punjab. He soon seized Peshawar, took the title of Caliph, and struck coins in his name as an independent ruler. The treachery of some Pathan chiefs and the money of the Sikhs brought about his downfall and death at Balakot in May, 1831. Political expediency had led the Syed scrupulously to avoid giving offence to the British, from whose territories in India he drew his supplies of men or money for *jihad*. But there is no doubt that he was deeply distressed by the degradation of the Muslims everywhere in India. The *jihad* against the Sikhs was only a first step towards the removal of the Muslims' political, social, and economic inferiority, and his ultimate and large object seems to have been the foundation of an Islamic State.

After the Punjab was conquered by the British the Wahabis came into open conflict with them. For over a quarter of a century thereafter the Wahabis remained the chief anti-British force in Indian politics. This hostility was intensified by Lord Auckland's war against the Afghans, aimed, it seemed to them, at the destruction of a Muslim state. The Wahabis under Nasiruddin joined the Afghans against the British. In 1852 treasonable correspondence seized by the Punjab government disclosed an attempt on the part of the Wahabis to tamper with the fidelity of the 4th Native Infantry and 64th Light Infantry at Rawalpindi. The conspiracy unearthed clearly showed that the leaders had for their political aim the overthrow of the 'infidel' government in India. Lord Dalhousie wrote at large on the problem but the government was unable to stop the supply of men and money flowing to Sittana for *jihad* against the English. For by now India had come to be looked upon as *Dar-ul-harb*, enemy country, and a 'believer' must either fight the 'infidel' government, leave the country, or give money for the prosecution of this holy war. The conviction that British

India was *Dar-ul-harb* had taken deep root—for many Muslims it was no longer a fit place to live in. 'Abandon an unclean country and come to a pure land' was the call constantly sent home by the crusaders to their relatives and friends in India.

These movements, sustained for over half a century, nursed a feeling of distrust and hatred for the British and even excited a rebellious spirit in some sections of the community against those they regarded as usurpers. This feeling was greatly intensified by the more orthodox clergy, the *Ulema*, who genuinely felt that Islam, under the existing administration, was in danger and made secret anti-British propaganda to that effect.

This, broadly, was the state of the Muslim mind when the 'Mutiny' occurred. But by now the extension of the Company's dominion at the cost of many Hindu states and the operation of the Company's laws in newly conquered Oudh had swelled the number of the disaffected by the addition of a section of the Hindus whose downfall had been brought about by British expansion, annexation, and resumption. They made common cause with the already rebellious Muslims and together the leaders sought to win over the sepoys. They too, both Hindus and Muslims, were already on the verge of rebellion. Their privileges and pay, prestige and religious scruples all seemed threatened. The stage was set for revolt, the Muslims were ready to prompt and the greased cartridge affair served as the cue. The early attempts of the Mysore Princes and those of the Patna Moulvis to enlist the support of the army against the government had failed. But sedition was now ripe in the Company's forces. The sepoy was not only a soldier but a representative man, who embodied the feelings and opinions of large and influential classes of his countrymen. Circumstances might render him any moment their exponent. This is exactly what happened in 1857.

To the British the Emperor of Delhi for the last fifty years had been 'merely a pageant and a show' but this pageantry and show had never ceased to be living influences in the minds of the Indian people. The elevation of Bahadur Shah to the sovereignty of India by the mutineers was the most natural thing for them to do. To the Hindus in general the restoration of the Mughals and the restoration of Pashwa would mean freeing India from British domination; to the Muslims it would mean without doubt the re-establishment of Muslim dominance over India. The Muslim agents, active and desperate, were consciously fighting for a cause and a goal—Islam and Muslim political sovereignty. The movement had soon 'settled down into a struggle for empire under Muslim guidance with the Mughal capital for its centre'. The rebel army at Delhi was led by a Mughal prince; Khan Bahadur Khan assumed the position of Mughal Viceroy at Rohilakhand; Liakat Ali at Allahabad proclaimed himself governor for the Emperor. At Fatehpur Muslim sovereignty was proclaimed by Hikmetullah, formerly a deputy magistrate; at Patna the rebels unfurled the 'green flag of the prophet' and swore allegiance to Bahadur Shah. In Oudh, the Begum took upon herself the government of the country in the Emperor's name.

This fight of the old order to re-assert itself against the new, failed. But all through 1857 and 1858, to a Muslim rebel the cause for which he aspired was the re-establishment of Muslim sovereignty over India. But whether the success of the rebellion would have carried the Muslim community to its goal or whether victory over the English would have been followed by anarchy or chaos are questions which belong to the domain of sheer speculation.—*Third Programme*

Harvest

They have cut the corn in the field
where the wind whipped waves in the corn-heads
and the skylark sang its sun-song.

Stubble stands there stiff and dun
patterned like an upturned hairbrush;
dog-daisies now are devouring the sun
and darkness lurks behind a may-bush.

They have cut the corn in the field
where the hare once crouched in its safe nest,
where poppies glow now like buttons on a drab dress
and the night wind creeps across from the cold hill.

JOHN LARKMAN

The Poet and his Public Life—II

Dryden: a 'Poet's Poet'

By FRANK KERMODE

IN 1676, being then in his middle forties, Dryden explained why he had not yet written an epic poem. His contemporaries professed to regard the heroic as the highest kind of poetry; and on this point he differed from them only in that he really did think so. But he had not got beyond the point of meditating a subject, because, he says, 'the unsettledness of my condition has hitherto put a stop to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer in his wit, so neither do I desire to be in his poverty'.

We may conclude that if he had been sure of an audience for it, Dryden would have written his epic. It would have had to be not that audience, fit though few, for which Milton wrote, but the mob of gentlemen—the very sons of Belial—upon whom he was frankly dependent. In fact nothing is easier than to expose Dryden as the slave of a not altogether admirable public. But no one who thinks of him as a great poet will have difficulty in seeing that this is not the whole truth—that he was in various ways remote from his audience; that for all his contemporary ease and vigour and familiarity, his note is sometimes high and aloof, and its harmonics are audible to other ears than those of the Restoration wits. As I see this topic, I have two audiences to discuss, the obvious one and a more recondite company.

First, then, the paying public. Dryden describes it neatly when he contrasts his translation of Juvenal with that of an earlier poet, Holyday: 'He wrote for fame, and wrote for scholars; we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who, tho' they are not scholars, are not ignorant: persons of understanding and good sense'. Clearly still a limited public, in range as well as in numbers; yet there can be no doubt that Dryden enjoyed his intimacy with it, and would have been a member of it had he not been a poet. Wherever we look for him, whatever he is doing—in plays, in political satire, in religious controversy, in translation—he seems above all to be giving the best expression to good gentlemanly ways of thinking about the topic in hand.

Take the theatre. Dryden's first audience was the theatre audience in the years after the Restoration. He did not love the stage, but he wrote more than twenty plays and a great number of prologues and epilogues. What strikes us first about these is precisely their intimacy, their almost contemptuous familiarity with the taste of the audience. Dryden may have been refining the stage, making ready for great achievements by others; but he was also in strong sympathy with the existing taste of the actual audience, and most of all with its taste in bawdy. Late in life he admitted that there was some justice in Collier's condemnation of the theatre as immoral; but, he asked, whose fault was it? The audience has what it wants. Collier, he says,

... tells you that, this very moral age
Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.
But sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught,
The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The poets, who must live by courts, or starve,
Were proud so good a government to serve:

And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
Tainted the stage, for some small snip of gain . . .
Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd.

But poet and public were here at one: the 'naked Venus' was equally fascinating to them both. They liked to tell the truth about love; it was fashionable to be 'natural' about it, to treat it as lust plus charming nonsense. That is why the younger Dryden so much admired Ovid, and why he translated Theocritus as though the twenty-seventh Idyll were the Alexandrian equivalent of the Restoration epilogue. This truth-telling, directness, lewdness if you like, is the tone of most of the prologues and epilogues; to the modern taste they are occasionally nasty, though often agreeable enough, and one can imagine their effect when spoken by a pretty girl. But it is almost true to complain of Dryden, as Wordsworth did, that this is all he knows about love. He grew old, the taste of the age changed and he continued to consult it; but on this subject he went on being coarse-grained. Furthermore, from being natural, the right to tell the truth about love became obsessive; in Dryden, naturalist love intrudes in contexts where, to our mind, it has no business.

In his dramatic work this obsessive effect is heightened by the curious double definition of love required on the one hand for witty comedy, on the other for the heroic play. Dryden invented the witty 'natural' lovers of Restoration comedy to whom 'love' is odious cant; but he also wrote huge dramas of love and honour—which he later called 'the mistaken topics of tragedy'—in which all the old *Aberglaube* of love is on display. Yet even though he observes this conventional distinction, he cannot keep 'nature' out of his heroic plays. The vast 'Conquest of Granada' is sandwiched between a farcical prologue spoken by Nell Gwynn in a comic hat, and an obscene epilogue; while in the middle of it there is a well-known song which is really no more than a dirty joke. It is doubtless true to say that the heroics pampered the gentleman's pride, and the epilogue and the song catered for his more basic interests; but it is also true that Dryden himself seems to have found the formula congenial.

A couple of examples from 'Annus Mirabilis' (a serious and ambitious poem) will illustrate the discriminations I am trying to make about the way Dryden is permeated by the age's naturalism about sex. The first is very pretty, and used to be famous. It refers to an attack by seven English ships on a Dutch convoy homeward bound from the East Indies with a rich cargo.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those;
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy;
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odors arm'd against them fly;
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.

Here the sexual figure seems to me to be charmingly sustained: it is the natural frenzy of the lovers to possess that makes possession exquisitely painful to the husbands, who anyway deserve what they get, since they hold the prize by custom, not by nature: the English are gallants, the



John Dryden (1631-1700), by Kneller
National Portrait Gallery

Dutch dreary husbands. 'This is all of a piece. But now let us watch sex leading Dryden astray. He is talking about the Fire of London:

The winds, like crafty courtesans, withheld
His flames from burning, but to blow them more:
And, every fresh attempt, he is repell'd
With faint denials, weaker than before.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with inrag'd desire;
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threat'ning fire.

But if the fire is a lecher, tempted by courtesan-winds, which tease him by holding him back, why, when resistance weakens, does he fall upon the *houses*? Here the sexual figure intrudes and leads Dryden into nonsense. A taste he shares with his age makes him write badly.

Sceptical Cast of Mind

But this lack of clarity is excessively rare in Dryden. The natural cast of his mind, as he sometimes said, was sceptical: this accounts not only for his acceptance of the age's naturalism about love but for his political and religious development, which, though it stranded him in 1688, never led him into conflict with the new ideals of clear expression in prose and verse. Johnson's praise, 'by him we were taught to think naturally and express forcibly', is not entirely hyperbolic; but once again Dryden is of his time. His age was conscious of a social and linguistic superiority to the preceding one; language as well as manners had acquired both polish and directness. Dryden took this language and made it think; and the thoughts were as proper to Dryden's time as Donne's convoluted thinking was to his—clearer, but with no sacrifice of energy. Wordsworth did not like Dryden's coarseness, but confessed his 'ardour and impetuosity of mind'. Perhaps Dryden's forcible clear speaking about so confused a topic as love was good training; anyway you still feel this naturalist ardour in 'The Hind and the Panther', where the youthful fires of erotic scepticism are banked down to the Catholic fideism of old age. Nowhere do you feel it more than in the satire. Remember the strength and ease of the opening of 'Absalom and Achitophel': how did the Davidic Charles II come to have a bastard son who fancied his chance of the succession? Because he was admirably natural; all Dryden's sceptical ardour is at his service.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin:
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd—

and so on. Energy and clarity are at the service of nature; and surely nature is defined in any age by a mere conspiracy of opinion. By the same token energy and clarity are the enemies of what is unnatural; of treason, for example, in the shape of Shaftesbury and 'that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, his son':

Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.

This is what Hopkins called 'the naked thew and sinew of the language'; it has organic force and order, and none of that 'anarchy of thought' Dryden castigated in the older poets. Donne would have been proud of 'that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, his son', but in context it has a natural ease and comic force that were not available to Donne. Man, milieu and moment—to use the old discredited phrase—seem here to converge. And Dryden can often be thought of as giving us merely the best—about love or politics or religion or most other things—that was being thought and said in his time.

That is why—to come to my second, more ghostly audience—it is surprising to find him sometimes writing differently, against the current. It is symptomatic, for instance, that he never entirely gave up the old kind of conceit: it dominates early work like the Hastings elegy; but I am thinking of, say, the 'Fables', 'the last fruit off an old tree', as he called them, written for the larger public that was only becoming accessible in his last years, the public that not so many years later was to enable Pope to live in handsome independence of patrons. In the poem 'Cymon and Iphigenia' he has to speak of how love refined—a boorish youth; suddenly his modish coarseness vanishes, and he writes in the magnificent old Platonist way of love brooding over chaos, the creator of the world. Or, on another level, in the Killigrew Ode of 1685, he plays elaborately on the old theological dispute about transudation or infusion of souls, in the manner of Cowley, a poet for whom his enthusiasm had steadily waned over the years.

Indeed, his attitude to Cowley tells us a great deal. Dryden thought him a great poet, but not a good writer. Good writing he thought was a matter of art and refinement; not so great poetic powers. And Dryden sometimes thought his own times, although so far ahead in art, lacked this imaginative power. 'What we have gained in skill we lose in strength', he says. He is full of criticism of the earlier English writers, but on the whole they are for him 'the giant race before the flood', great by mere nature, though lacking in art because they wrote 'when men were dull and conversation low'. He rationally preferred his own age for its order and polish—'a sober prince's government is best'—but he knew how much more there was to poetry than this, knew it began, as he said, 'in the dark', where genius counts. All such genius he venerated: its possessors, Greek, Roman and English—he was the first to establish a canon of English classics—are his hidden audience. Like nearly all great poetry, Dryden's is inbred to this extent: poetry is often his hidden subject, and poets his hidden audience.

I do not know how to illustrate this point better than by returning to Dryden's performance in heroic poetry. Here one may dogmatise and say he was secretly at odds with his age. He thought English should have its epic, which, 'truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example'. Dryden was curiously in love with heroic virtue, that unnatural accomplishment: he knew its literature, and how it could be accommodated to Christianity. In fact, he makes distinctions about it which must have seemed a little fine to some of his readers: witness the odd passage in 'Annus Mirabilis' concerning Prince Rupert's reason for refusing action with the Dutch:

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the substance, not the appearance chose.

The point is that heroic virtue is the power to choose the real good of abstinence and suffering, not the apparent good of indulgence or action. To see it you have to remember not only Rupert's earlier reputation for disastrous activity but a traditional complex image, here very allusively treated, and not really in the manner of the contemporary gentleman's conversation. The effect is, on analysis, ironic; and Dryden often uses his double audience for ironical purposes. He lets his heroic note turn comic on behalf of the wits, his comic heroic on behalf of the poets; and his blend of comic and heroic was to dominate Augustan poetry as a kind of preservative against dunces, finally distilled in the closing lines of 'The Dunciad', which are so wonderfully beyond Dryden's reach.

Heroic Turned Comic

How does the heroic turn comic? Here are a few heroic lines from 'Annus Mirabilis'. The English fleet is in hot action with the Dutch:

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat;
Whose battered rigging their whole war receives:
All bare like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

This sounds heroic: but Dryden's readers were aware that at this point the admiral's breeches had been shot off, leaving him 'all bare'. This is a good example of the hero-comic Augustan tone. On the other hand, the comic turns heroic in 'Mac Flecknoe', that great *tour de force*; on the face of it, the mood is entirely comic, and very forceful and direct. But at the same time it is an elaborate burlesque, of the sort that is only done *con amore*, of Cowley's Christian epic the 'Davideis'. Only the audience of poets would see how and why Dryden had done that.

In this comic-heroic vein, in his reversions to the older poetry, in his sometimes sneaking admiration for the poets of the past, Dryden shows how the audience with which he shared so much nevertheless did not completely satisfy him as a poet. One of his critical assumptions was that 'mankind is ever the same' and as much his material as Chaucer's or Shakespeare's or indeed Virgil's: so he was really entitled to heroism, for instance, but could not have it pure in his day. Another assumption of his, less explicit, is that as there is a community of material, so there is a community of poets. Dryden was perfectly conscious of his position in time: he was

... betwixt two ages cast,
The first of this, the hindmost of the last.

But he also knew his place among the poets, out of time. While it is correct to think of him as being, by later standards, remarkably well attuned to his public, it is equally correct to call him, as Mark van Doren once did in what only appears to be a paradox, a 'poet's poet'.

—Third Programme

For God and Gain

WERNER STARK on 'The Merchant of Prato', by Iris Origo

GENERALLY speaking, the self-made man—the *nouveau riche*—is a figure of the last 200 or 300 years. Before then, society was too conservative, and social life too slow, to allow a man to rise within a lifetime from poverty into wealth or from obscurity into fame and power. 'Getting on' was as a rule a matter of generations; it took centuries rather than decades. But there were exceptions to this rule, and one of the most notable of them was Francesco Datini, 'the Merchant of Prato', as Iris Origo calls him in her recent book*.

Some time in the year 1350, when he was barely fifteen years of age,

Datini set out from his little home-town in the plains of Tuscany, to make his fortune in the wider world. He had been orphaned by the Black Death, and his father, a tavern-keeper, had left him only a very small pittance. But he had what is much more essential to success in life than money: a sharp eye for the main chance. Straight away he made the right move: he went to Avignon which was at that time the seat of the papacy and consequently a great international centre; it offered more opportunities than almost any other place in Europe. There he set up in business and traded in every conceivable commodity under the sun, from armour and altar-cloths to Rumanian slaves and Cots-wold wool.

When he returned to his home town in 1383, he was already a man of substance. He could easily have retired from business, had he so chosen, but he had developed a taste for money-making, and so he went on piling it up and becoming richer and richer every year. When he died in 1410, he left a fortune of 70,000 gold florins, a considerable sum indeed in those days. Seventy thousand florins was about 200 times the capital with which he had started out sixty years before.

Francesco Datini's career is in this way a success story of the first order. But it has this to distinguish it from other similar success stories that we can follow it in all its detail. He was a great letter writer, and he saw to it that his letters were preserved, one and all. No fewer than 150,000 of them have come down to us, together with 500 ledgers and account books, insurance policies, cheques, bills of exchange, and other documents of this kind. What a mine of information all this is for the economic historian! But the Archivio Datini is a mine of information not only for the economic historian: it contains many, many items of purely human interest. After his return to Tuscany, Francesco went to live in Florence, but he kept his house and his wife in Prato, and so there developed an almost daily interchange of letters between him and Monna Margherita whom he had married in 1376. These letters afford unique insight into the domestic life of a rich man of the Trecento. They give us the facts without varnish. The hopes and the fears, the joys and the frustrations of all the people concerned lie, as it were, naked before our eyes.

Here, then, are the makings of a fine book, and the Marchesa Origo has written it. She has all the qualities needed for the task: a sound knowledge of economic, social, and cultural history, an easy pen, and, above all, the necessary human sympathy and imagination. It would be vain for me to try to convey to you the charm of these pages. You must read *The Merchant of Prato* for yourself. Instead, I propose to discuss the deeper and wider issues which this study of Francesco Datini's life raises for the economic historian, and especially the light which it throws on the greatest of all problems of economic history: the problem of the origins of modern capitalism.

About fifty years ago, a discussion of this topic was started by the appearance of Max Weber's book, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, a discussion which has not yet died down. The greatest contribution to it in this country was made by R. H. Tawney in his masterly essay, 'Religion and the Rise of Capitalism'. Briefly, what Weber suggested was that the coming of capitalism had something to do with the coming of Calvinism. It was Calvinism which, in his opinion, created an atmosphere in which the capitalist spirit could flourish. Had Rome remained in the saddle, things would not have gone as they have in fact done. This thesis of Weber's has been attacked many times, and at first sight it looks as if the Marchesa Origo's book provided grist for the mills of its attackers. Here we are in the fourteenth century, and in a country which has always been the undisputed domain of Roman Catholicism. Here we have a man who, if he was not religious, was yet a regular church-goer and by no means a heathen. And yet he made an enormous fortune. Surely, it



Prato in the fourteenth century: a fresco from the Palazzo Pretorio, Prato. On the right Francesco Datini is presenting alms to his native city

From 'The Merchant of Prato'

can be argued, if this man does not prove the existence of the spirit of capitalism before the advent of the Protestant ethic, nothing ever will. On the first page of his ledgers, Datini always wrote the words: 'In the name of God and of Profit'. Is this not, right in the Middle Ages, the connection of religion and the rise of capitalism which Max Weber and Tawney were talking about?

Superficially, this argument sounds plausible, but it is altogether wrong. It seems to me that this study of Francesco Datini splendidly vindicates Weber's analysis. There are, above all, three considerations which make me see the matter in this light. First of all, there is the undeniable fact that Datini's success in business gave him an ever-present, ever-increasing sense of sin. To grow rich was all very well for this world, but what about the next? The Marchesa speaks of Datini's 'haunting sense of guilt', of his 'perpetual anxiety'. One night he saw himself in a dream with a piece of gold in his hands and a vulture hovering overhead. He offered his coin to the bird, but the bird refused it and made off instead with a piece of rotting flesh in his claws. Both Datini and the friend to whom he told the story agreed that this was a

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NEWS DIARY

May 22-28

Wednesday, May 22

President Coty consults political leaders after the fall of the French Government

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attend a gala performance of the Royal Theatre and Ballet in Copenhagen

Thursday, May 23

The settlement of the engineering pay dispute provides a wages standstill for a year

House of Lords debate the Government's policy on the Suez Canal

The German Defence Minister holds conversations with Mr. Duncan Sandys in London

Friday, May 24

The Federal German Republic replies to the recent Soviet Note warning her against equipping her army with atomic weapons

President Coty cancels visit to Washington because of the French Government crisis

United States Government protests against the sacking of its embassy in Formosa by Chinese rioters

Saturday, May 25

President Eisenhower gives Mr. Stassen, his representative at the United Nations disarmament talks in London, new American proposals with regard to the control of nuclear weapons

The Association of University Teachers decides to investigate the complaint that teachers have been asked to give the security service information about the political views of their students

Sunday, May 26

General Chiang Kai-shek dismisses senior military and police officers because of the riots in Formosa

Ali Chekall, former Vice-President of the Algerian Assembly, is shot dead while leaving the Colombes stadium in Paris

A provisional president is appointed in Haiti, the sixth president in six months

Monday, May 27

Dr. Adenauer sees President Eisenhower at Gettysburg

Disarmament talks open in London

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh begin three-day visit to Home Fleet

Marshal Zhukov and Mr. Gromyko arrive in Hungary

White Paper is published on call-up for Armed Forces

Tuesday, May 28

First of new series of nuclear weapon tests by American Armed Forces begin in Nevada

Sir Arthur Forde, Head Master of Rugby School, to become Chairman of the B.B.C. in December



The Queen walking with Professor Niels Bohr, the eminent Danish physicist, in the garden of his home near Copenhagen on May 22, during the State visit to Denmark. Professor Bohr lives in Denmark's 'Residence of Honour', the family home of the founder of the Carlsberg breweries bequeathed as a home for a distinguished Dane. On the right is Queen Ingrid, with Princess Margrethe and Mrs. Bohr



Mr. Adlai Stevenson (left), leader of the American Democratic Party, escorted by Mr. J. C. Masterman, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, as he entered the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on May 24 to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law



Two of the delegates attending the opening session on May 23 of the Nigerian Constitutional Conference at Lancaster House, London. Left, Mr. T. O. S. Benson (Lagos) and Fon of Bali, Galega (Southern Cameroons)



A two-seater light aircraft with an inflight being demonstrated at White Waltham field last week. When deflated the wings and packed in a kitbag



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh photographed during their visit to the Royal Copenhagen porcelain factory on May 23. Her Majesty is seen admiring a set of figures of children in the local costumes of the six regions of Denmark and Greenland which was presented to her



Chinese rioters on the balcony of the American Embassy at Taipei, capital of Formosa, on May 24. A Nationalist mob sacked the building in protest at the acquittal of an American soldier charged with the manslaughter of a Chinese. During the riots U.S. diplomats and servicemen were manhandled



Some fine begonia blooms at the Chelsea Flower Show, held in London last week



A scene from Mr John Gardner's opera 'The Moon and Sixpence', based on the novel by Somerset Maugham. Its first performance, by the Sadler's Wells Company, took place on May 24. Mr. John Hargreaves is seen in the role of Charles Strickland, and Chin Yü as Ata



'Congo', a young chimpanzee at the London Zoo, tries his hand at water-colours

(continued from page 879)

symbol of divine justice. 'I have founded my house on sand', Datini wrote to his wife in one of his black moods, 'and my wall is falling. I have placed greater hopes in the men of this world than in God...'

No Calvinist man of property would ever have felt like that. There is one argument which comes up more than once in Calvin, when he discusses the distribution of power as well as when he discusses the distribution of wealth. If a man finds himself growing rich, this cannot be altogether unconnected with the will of God. For God is 'the dispenser of all things'. He must at least have allowed the money to roll into this man's lap. Datini, on the other hand, saw no higher influence behind his success. He was inclined to attribute it all to human greed. And greedy though he was, there was a line which he was determined not to overstep. When his factor in Barcelona, Simone d'Andrea, invested some money in usurious contracts, he came down on him with a heavy hand. 'I have told you before now', Datini wrote, 'that for no man on earth will I agree to exchange dealings on the part of the company. [He probably means the 'dry' or fictitious exchanges forbidden by the Church.] Once and for all, I would have you a merchant and not a banker. If you are not so disposed, you will see how quickly the relation between us can be brought to an end.'

This, assuredly, is not yet the spirit of capitalism.

Advice from a Friend

However, the matter cannot be settled by one quotation alone. The usury laws were ill defined, and the question is just how far Datini was prepared to venture forward into that dusky belt of business activity within which, according to the opinion of the theologians, right and wrong were dangerously intermixed. A little more detail would have been welcome on this point. But we can supplement the information given us on Datini himself by a glance at his close associate and legal adviser, Ser Lapo Mazzei. Mazzei emerges from the Marchesa's pages as a most attractive figure; a faithful and straightforward friend, a man with an eye on the deeper implications of things, he strikes one as a person of whom any age could have been proud. Mazzei tried again and again to get Datini to set a limit to his greed. Some of his letters make a deep impression even now, more than 500 years after they were written. This, for instance:

Francesco, I have considered your state a hundred times, on my walks, and in bed, and in my study, when I was . . . alone . . . Charity constrains me to tell you the truth . . . I have already known, from your letters, of your tribulations . . . caused . . . by the things of this world, but now that I have seen them with my own eyes, they are far greater than I deemed. When I think of the cares of the house you are building, of your warehouses in far-off lands, your banquets and your accounts, and of many other matters, they seem to me so far beyond what is needful, that I realise it cannot be that you should seize an hour from the world and its snares. Yet God has granted you an abundance of earthly goods and has given you, too, a thousand warnings, to awaken you, and now you are nearly sixty . . . Are you to wait until your death-bed, when the door-latch of death is lifted, to change your heart? . . . I would you should wind up many of your matters . . . and give away some of your riches in charity with your own hands, and value these riches at their true worth, that is, own them as if they were not yours . . . I ask you not to become . . . a monk, but I say to you: put some order in your life.

These are not words of a pulpit preacher or an after-dinner speaker which could be written off as empty oratory: they are completely convincing because they are in the nature of a heart-to-heart talk between friends.

But there is even better proof of the pre-capitalist character of Mazzei's mentality. We are given extracts from two letters of January and February 1397, which throw light on his actual conduct of business, and so are more revealing than any words, however genuine. In the first, Mazzei refuses to have anything to do with a certain loan 'for', he says, 'meseems it would be against the laws and the statutes of God—which are, that no interest should be taken'. In the second letter, he even urges Datini to return some money to a man called Ludovico because he has come to the conclusion, probably on second thoughts, that the transaction with him qualified as a usurious contract. In this second venture, Mazzei seems to have been implicated himself, because he says: 'I, too, should confess and make penance'. Clearly, to men of Mazzei's outlook the taking of interest was still taboo. And even Datini himself, as we have seen, had strong inhibitions, to say the least. But as long as such sentiments prevailed, capitalism could not develop. This is one reason why Calvinism is so important in this context. Calvin wiped away the whole of the anti-usury legislation of the Middle

Ages with one sweep of the sponge when he said that the words of Jesus reported by St. Luke: 'lend, expecting nothing in return', were addressed only to the Jewish people and not to mankind in general.

My second point is a little more technical. The merchants of later centuries could have a clear conscience, not only because they assumed that business success, like all things, comes in the last resort from God, but also because they could feel that they were not striving for themselves so much as for 'the firm'. The development of the firm as an objective entity standing over against men, as a cause which men could and should serve, created a radically new intellectual condition in the business community. And this development, too, is connected with the coming of Calvinism, though not in a way which is easy to see. Weber has spoken of a certain 'depersonalisation' of life. Calvinism made causes more important, and people less important, than before. But Datini's whole way of conducting business was still an intensely personal one. He could not distinguish between a partner and a friend. There are many incidents which bring this out. But we have Datini's own word for it. He wrote in 1402:

When I formed a company with Toro di Berto in Avignon, many laughed at me, saying: you were free and have now made yourself a servant . . . I replied I was glad to have a partner for diverse reasons [but] first, to have a brother.

'Many passages in his letters', says the Marchesa, 'show how deep-rooted the tradition was that the tie between partners should be as close as a family one, a truly fraternal bond'.

In case anyone should regard this as too intangible evidence, there is more tangible, more commercial, evidence as well. Datini's firms (if that is the right word) never lasted for very long, three years, perhaps, or four. Twelve years was already an exceptionally long period. Under these conditions, there just could not develop that sustained and disciplined devotion to business which has from the very beginning characterised the capitalist age. Trade, one could almost say, was a toy to men of Datini's kind, rather than a calling.

Most Difficult of the Economic Virtues

In this way there was something essentially ephemeral about the Datini enterprises, and this brings me to my third and last point. Capitalism is not different from earlier economic systems because great masses of wealth are accumulated under it, but rather because these masses of wealth are kept together. Enormous riches have always existed in the hands of individuals, for instance in the fabulous Baghdad of the Abassid dynasty, but they were regularly as quickly dissipated as they were built up. Luxury saw to that, and Francesco Datini was as given to luxury as any man. He built himself a most luxurious house. He started to collect works of art. He bought himself gorgeous clothes. He was, above all, a great one at the dinner table. He demanded good food, and plenty of it. His favourite dish, we are told, was roast partridge. The pioneers of the capitalist order did not feed on partridge but on porridge. It was only Calvinism which broke the vicious circle between saving and spending, and indeed over-spending, which had gone on for many centuries. It taught men the most difficult of all economic virtues, the virtue of thrift, and of this virtue there was not a shred in the 'merchant of Prato'.

But even if Datini had been as good at preserving his wealth as he was at getting it together, it would yet not have survived into the future. For when he felt the cold hand of death upon him, he decided to redeem his evil life of selfishness by one last great act of generosity: he donated everything he had, gold florins, house and all, to those whom, in the style of the day, he called 'God's poor'. By this grand gesture he proved, in my opinion, that he was still a medieval and not yet a modern man. The meaning of life lay even for him not in what he had achieved down here, but in what he had to expect up there—not in time, but in eternity. When he stood on the threshold of the higher world, he bowed his head, beat his breast, and cried with the publican of the Gospel: 'Have mercy on me, O Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner'.

—Third Programme

Mr. H. Warner Allen, the well-known connoisseur of wine, has lately returned from a tour of the Portuguese vineyards and in his little book *Good Wine from Portugal* (Sylvan Press, 6s.) he tells of the debt that all wine-lovers and every wine-growing country owe to the shippers of Oporto and the growers of the Douro, and goes on to discuss the other wines that Portugal produces, the 'wines of the mountains', and the 'wines of the ocean from Colares to Setubal'. This is the work not only of an expert in his subject but also of a man of wide interests and learning. It makes pleasant reading.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Insufficiency of Liberalism

Sir,—Mr. Schumacher's attempt to map the human mind in his talk 'The Insufficiency of Liberalism' (THE LISTENER, May 23) may have been an interesting essay in cartography but he was hardly fair to the rationalists. The 'supra-rationalists' are accorded an impregnable position on the 'high plateau' simply because they have passed through the stage of rationalism and comprehend the rationalists. Within the metaphor, their lofty point of vantage may be justified by the designation 'supra-rationalist' but it may still be asked why the rationalists should not have their citadels on the plain from which they can descry the supra-rationalist peaks as well as the 'fertile valleys of primitive religiosity'.

Maritain, Toynbee, and Niebuhr are defended from Mr. Frankel's attack by the assertion that they are 'great thinkers'. Maritain has 'an infinite superiority' because he is acquainted with the problems of the underdeveloped territories on Mr. Schumacher's map. Against his 'world-wide reputation' the rationalist contends in vain. Mr. Schumacher could hardly, within the limits of his talk, have pitted the antagonists fairly against each other, yet he has done little more than reverentially evoke the respect which we should humbly owe to great names. Such appeal to reputations is dangerous and could be a step towards the creation of a hagiarchy.

Mr. Schumacher is fond of metaphors but one of those he chose to illustrate his argument is surely moribund. Reason, he says, is the executive officer who loses his command when the King appears. Surely the executive officer is more likely to become the Prime Minister and the King, his magical aura less potent than formerly, 'a thing of bells and tinsel'. Even long ago it was possible for the Mayor of the Palace to replace the 'roi fainéant'.

Yours, etc.,

Truro

J. H. GRAINGER

Sir,—Mr. E. F. Schumacher's entirely convincing argument in his talk of the above title as to the man in stage two of intellectual evolution, i.e., the rationalist, being totally unable to comprehend the man in stage three, the supra-rationalist, was perfectly illustrated in Lenin's attitude to Tolstoy. He admired and wholly approved of the great writer's revolutionary statements and attacks on tradition, thankfully using them for his own propaganda. What, however, puzzled and infuriated him beyond measure was that this intellectual giant, so obviously his superior, should accept, and restate in terms comprehensible to men of reason, the spiritual hypothesis that Lenin could only regard as belonging to the reactionism of stage one, i.e., the infra-rational, with its 'primitive religiosity'.

In *Sotsial-Demokrat* No. 18 he wrote of Tolstoy that he had

combined the struggle against the official Church with the preaching of a new, purified religion, that is, a new, refined and more subtle poison for the oppressed masses.

In point of fact, the very essence of Tolstoy's 'new, purified religion', found principally in his *Kingdom of God*, which so influenced Gandhi, and his *Essays and Letters*, was freedom. He aimed primarily at relieving mankind of all oppression and the need for external government by teaching men how to govern themselves

voluntarily by the acceptance of, and obedience to, the truly Christian conscience.

The resistance of this supra-rationalism, which emphasises the supreme importance of the individual, has resulted in the utilitarianism, the disrespect for the individual and the irreverence for life which today threatens the very existence of humanity.—Yours, etc.,

Selsey

ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON

Brain and Will

Sir,—Messrs. Gregory and Barlow (THE LISTENER, May 23) argue that since 'guilt arises in a social situation . . . it need not be fitted into one's concept of how a single brain works'. I have no wish to deny that to speak of responsibility (whether entailing praise or blame) implies a relationship of the individual concerned to something or someone else—ultimately, I would say, to God. But whatever one's view of this, your correspondents' conclusion simply does not follow. The notion of the 'sensitivity' of a radio receiver, for example, arises only in relation to a source of signals; but it would be senseless to attribute it to anything but the receiver, or to deny that it depends on the way the receiver works.

In the same way it would seem senseless to deny that questions of the way a man's brain works are relevant to a judgement of his responsibility—especially if he should be a psychotic. What I have been arguing is that the degree of *physical indeterminacy* of his brain is not the relevant criterion.

The point of this argument (THE LISTENER, May 9) seems to have been missed also by Messrs. Hodges and Clark. I would agree with the former that a predictor could find many actions—but not 'any action [his italics] such that if he tells me I shall do it, my brain will be left in a state which leads to my doing it'. This is true in the first place (page 745) of actions not under the control of the deliberative brain-mechanism, such as the tremor of palsy, or actions under hypnosis, where the prediction offered is effectively an instruction. It is in just such cases that we do not normally attribute responsibility to the agent. It may also be true if in fact I prefer the alternative 'predicted' to me. But in any case, as I pointed out (page 745), it is not necessary that a subject should falsify a prediction in order that his choosing should be adjudged 'free'. My criterion is not a behavioural but a logical one.

This is perhaps more easily seen if expressed in the second person. The question, when you have to make a choice between A and B, is not merely whether your action will 'verify' some advance description of it. Obviously, however you choose, you will 'verify' one of the advance descriptions: 'You will choose A'; 'You will choose B'. The question is whether any advance description, on whatever grounds, could logically be entertained by you or urged upon you as *certain*. What I have been arguing is that, however 'physically determinate' your brain-workings might be, your choice is an action of a logically unique kind, which (a) you cannot logically describe with certainty beforehand, and which (b) no one can logically describe to you with certainty beforehand. This, I contend, is what justifies you in calling it 'free'. It is not merely that you are unable to discover a certain description (as in the case of physical indeterminacy), but that for you *there is no certain*

description to discover. For you to seek or even imagine a certain description beforehand would be self-contradictory.

It is this logical self-contradiction which is reflected in the illustrations I gave, showing that on the physical side it would involve incompatible demands on the brain-mechanism, and on the logical side (correspondingly) an endless regression in a would-be predictor. It means, oddly enough, that the ability of someone else to predict (silently) your actions, could not logically justify you in concluding 'My choice is already fixed'. What might at first sight have seemed a logical conclusion turns out on inspection to be a fallacy.

Mr. Hodges is right in disclaiming free will for his self-reversing machine, but wrong in supposing that it meets my criterion. The same applies to Messrs. Gregory and Barlow's computer. To speak of pressing an appropriately labelled button as 'telling the machine a prediction' is as misleading as to speak of typing as 'telling a machine the contents of a letter'. Mr. Hodges' machine cannot be 'told' anything, except in a Pickwickian sense, for it lacks the mechanism necessary to give meaning to the operation of 'telling'. So far from satisfying my criterion, it does not even qualify as a candidate.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

D. M. MACKAY

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Radio Drama

Sir,—May I be permitted a faint whinny of protest at what appears to be a misconception on the part of your Sound drama critic? It is disturbing that at a time when many listeners have learned to enjoy radio as a thing in itself, most of those who write columns about it in the press have still not found (have they sought?) any special terms in which to consider it as a specific art. No art can usefully be discussed exclusively in terms of another, and radio drama is an art to which theatrical and literary terminology are alien, and which they can do little to illuminate.

Many of us who practise in radio drama actually believe in it as a special kind of experience. To us, Roy Walker's objection to novels but not to stage plays as source material (THE LISTENER, May 23) is merely academic, as is his assumption that an 'adaptation' of a novel is necessarily inferior to the original.

In the cinema the battle has long been won; films are judged on their merits. I venture to suggest that the radio productions of, for example, 'Lord of the Flies', 'All Night at Mr. Stanyhurst's', 'Cry, the Beloved Country', 'Brideshead Revisited' might also be considered on their merits and not 'smeared' because they happen to exist in another form as 'literature' (hands off!). Creative adaptation does not consist, as Mr. Walker seems to think, in 'constantly rendering into dialogue', but in achieving a form which is stimulating aurally and complete in itself, regardless of whether or not it is compared to the original. The 'literary merit' of the adapter is relevant only in so far as it enables him to seize the intention of his original; what is relevant is his imaginative grasp of the medium.

It is true that some stage plays do respond well to radio interpretation, but the stage play is written to be seen as well as heard; the novel

is closer to radio in that it, too, is directed at the inner eye. For Mr. Walker's comfort, it is certainly not our intention to ignore our responsibility for presenting to listeners the best of the theatrical repertoire. On the other hand, the best radio drama should not and cannot be judged in terms of theatre, and rarely has its roots in the theatre. Many of us believe that radio drama must continue to exist primarily as *radio drama*: the test is in the radio experience, and some of the most exciting radio experiences in the last few years have been works specially scripted for the medium, a category which includes 'adaptations' no less than 'originals', 'Rogue Male' and 'Prater Violet' as well as 'Mathry Beacon' and 'All That Fall'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

DONALD McWHINNIE

Mum (and Dad)

Sir,—We have learnt a lot about Mum and Dad, and let no one think we are sick of them', writes Professor W. J. H. Sprott in his review of *Family and Kinship in East London* (THE LISTENER, May 23).

Isn't he? Well, I am, and equally sick of middle-class reviewers and sociologists who persist in sentimentalising the working-class. I have read Messrs. Young and Willmott's book, which is a conscientious piece of research, excellent within its limits. I have also had the opportunity, during the past four months, of conducting a certain amount of research among the inhabitants of the New Towns: Stevenage, Bracknell, Crawley, Hemel Hempstead, etc., which bear a slight resemblance to the 'Greenleigh' of Messrs. Young and Willmott's book. Admittedly there are important differences, for whereas the New Towns are self-contained communities with a life of their own and a possible future, 'Greenleigh' appears to be a mere housing estate.

Nevertheless I think there is sufficient similarity to give point to my criticism (a) of the book, and (b) of Mr. Sprott's review of it. Where I differ from Messrs. Young, Willmott, and Sprott is that I do not share their evident affection and respect for 'Mum'.

'Mum' is a monster. 'I couldn't get along without me mother... I could get along without me husband; I don't notice him', quotes Professor Sprott with evident approval, or at least sympathy. I am delighted to be able to report that, in my investigations into the New Towns, I have found, time and time again, that working-class wives are happy and relieved to put thirty miles between themselves and 'Mum'; that she is no longer there to interfere, upset relations between husband and wife, and dominate the household with her aboriginal warmth, her glutinous, devouring affection. Young wives who had been dominated throughout childhood, adolescence, and marriage by these stupid, arrogant, self-pitying matriarchs have suddenly found that they can do without them, to the benefit of their own happiness and that of their husbands.

I strongly suspect, after reading *Family and Kinship in East London*, that the same is true of the young wives who have escaped from Bethnal Green to 'Greenleigh', but the authors and your reviewer will not face up to the fact. In my experience a small minority of New Town residents long for the pubs, the fish-and-chip shops, the 'chumminess' of the crowded streets; perhaps three or four per cent., not more. The rest are extremely glad to have, for the first time in their lives, a home of their own, with fitted carpets, 'contemporary' furniture, and a washing-machine—all the middle-class trimmings over which middle-class social investigators shake their heads but which working-class people value, when they can get them.

And why not? Working-class families, as a

general rule, enjoy acquiring 'middle-class standards'; they like having a garden, and a car, and 'keeping up with the Joneses'. The trouble is that some middle-class people, such as authors and book-reviewers, will persist in romanticising aspects of working-class life of which they themselves have had no direct experience—'neighbourliness, kinship', etc., and the stifling, claustrophobic intimacy of crowded tenements, which have been forced upon working people by sheer economic circumstance.

I repeat: 'Mum' is a monster, and the sooner her fangs are drawn the better. In my childhood I had ample opportunities of observing working-class families at close quarters and have never entertained any illusions about this parasite.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

LEONARD COTTRELL

The Ghosts of Versailles and Others

Sir,—Professor Ayer digresses from his main theme, *The Ghosts of Versailles* (THE LISTENER, May 23), to take a side swipe at the ideas of the late Mr. J. W. Dunne and, incidentally, at those who drew stimulus from his books. According to Professor Ayer, they allowed themselves to be deluded by a fairy tale, for Dunne's theory of time is based on a 'logical fallacy'. This dismissal of a man's life work in a few curt sentences does less than justice to what was not so much a provable theory as an imaginative and intelligible demonstration that the universe may be less of a prison than it seems. After all, the provable facts about human existence are not so comforting that we can lightly reject any theory that sets a term to 'time's tyranny' and even as logical criticism Professor Ayer's arguments are not entirely convincing.

He does not commit himself on the possibility of precognition. What he objects to is the assumption Dunne made from his own acceptance of it. He rejects the notion that events can 'in any sense' exist before they occur in time. 'But to say that an event is precognised is to imply not that it is happening but that it will...'. Why? The fact that one cannot see a railway station platform before the train arrives at it, does not imply that the platform is not there until the moment of arrival.

As I understand it, Professor Ayer is merely expressing his preference for one interpretation of what cannot be explained, to another. For if one admits the possibility of precognition at all, one admits the possibility of something that can have no perfectly logical explanation—and why not? Is it any less reasonable to say that the event precognised already exists in another dimension than to say that it does not now exist but that it will? I suggest that the only difference is one of interpretation and that Dunne's interpretation, whether it satisfies the tests of logic or not, conveys the imaginative insight of a creative mind.—Yours, etc.,

Brighton, 1

MURRAY T. PARKS

Sir,—Mr. Ayer quotes with evident approval from the review in 1911 by Mrs. Sidgwick ('one of the most prominent members of the Society for Psychical Research') the following sentence:

It does not seem to us that, on the evidence before us [my italics] there is sufficient ground for supposing anything supernatural to have occurred at all.

He proceeds:

This conclusion of Mrs. Sidgwick's has now been pretty well substantiated by Mrs. Lucille Iremonger...

Would it not be more to the point to quote from the present President of the Society, Mr. Guy Lambert, writing in the *Journal* of the S.P.R. after half a century of investigation of the problem? So far from agreeing with the

late Mrs. Sidgwick he accepts implicitly the objectivity of the majority at least of the apparitions seen by the Misses Moberly and Jourdain. Being dead, these ladies cannot speak for themselves; but, in all fairness, readers of Mr. Ayer's talk should be made aware of this fact before jumping to conclusions.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

ALFRED H. BURNE

A Square World

Sir,—Mr. Forge's review (THE LISTENER, May 23) of the books about Piet Mondrian makes very curious reading. It must take very much of second sight to see in Mondrian's later pictures a personal solution whose clarity and objectivity can only be compared with Vermeer!

The whole trend of this extraordinary review is to underline the meandering nature of much modern art criticism. Mondrian's work in his early years could be said to be both derivative and feeble. It was only by becoming puristic, pedantic, and finally mathematical, that he could reach any solution to his obvious weaknesses.

The claim that Mondrian's feelings were universal is rather far-fetched. Mr. Forge, in one of his curious passages, says: 'We feel, against all sense, nearer to Monet than to Cézanne'. This seems against all sense! Seemingly it became necessary to find an imaginary man of the future who would recognise the universal expressed with precision. Such a man has to live free from the domination of nature. This sort of thing hides the real view: no one can live free from the domination of nature. Perhaps this was the tragedy of Mondrian, that he thought that he could do so!—Yours, etc.,

Barnham

R. O. DUNLOP

Nielsen's Heroic Symphonies

Sir,—When is a musical analysis really an analysis—that is, a valid statement of a listener's potential reactions—and when is it mere word-spinning? This is the issue between Dr. Robert Simpson and myself, and because it concerns every intelligent music lover I ask your indulgence for burdening your columns with musical technicalities.

In his book on Carl Nielsen, Dr. Simpson quoted the following sequence of keys from the second movement of the *Sinfonia Espansiva*: C, E, G, B flat, D, F. After this, he alleges, the listener 'expects' the key of A, and instead gets its 'opposite', E flat.

On three points this argument falls down:

(1) The key of A is not the only one that could follow this sequence. If we consider the sequence as consisting of one major triad (C,E,G,) followed by another a whole tone lower (B flat, D, F) then the next note to follow would be A flat. Again, if we consider the sequence as a chord of the seventh (C,E,G, B flat) of which the last note acts as a kind of pivot and generates its own chord of the seventh (B flat, D, F...) then again we expect A flat. I hold no brief whatever for either of these 'explanations'. I merely point out that Dr. Simpson's suggested A major holds none of the certainty that could be argued from a true mathematical series.

(2) Even granted a preference for A major, Dr. Simpson has still to show that the listener expects this. If we are to hold a poll among cultivated music lovers to settle the point empirically, then I invite you, Sir, to referee.

(3) My article challenged Dr. Simpson's description of E flat as the 'opposite' of A. He now also describes it as 'completely at variance' and having 'the extremest degree of remoteness' from A. As a matter of logic these three terms are not at all the same, and I suggest that musicology would be a less woolly thing if we insisted on the same strict accuracy in disputation that obtains in other fields. 'Opposite' in music is little more than metaphor.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.22

ARTHUR JACOBS

How much coal has Britain got left ?

PLENTY, AND IT CONCERNS YOU



A 1/4 INCH HIGH. This is a microphotograph of a piece of coal. Small as it is, we need every particle to maintain the standard of life we lead.

Make no mistake, we have sufficient coal below ground to meet our power requirements for centuries to come. Although today coal is being used to help to build nuclear, oil, and hydro-electric power-plants, it will not be replaced or superseded by these sources of energy within our time. Every lump of coal that can be mined affects our future. For you, your children and their children—*this is the age of opportunity in coal.*

Don't think of coal as lumps in a scuttle. Think of it as your own work, your own wealth, and the good things in your own life. Warmth, light, clothing. Cars, houses, TV. Coal gives you them; lack of coal can take them away. Have we enough left? Yes, more than enough for all our needs in this century and the next. But every ton we take from the earth *makes the next ton harder to get.*

Expanding industry requires more and more coal. How is this to be achieved? *By a far more highly developed mining*

technology, including a very much greater use of new machinery. And this means the enlistment of young men—engineers and scientists—on whose skill and training the whole operation of the industry will more and more depend.

The premium on skill

The problems must be handled by skilled men on the spot, using new and better machines developed by the technical specialists behind them. Face workers will therefore have a greater variety of more skilled and specialised jobs; they will be served by a team of engineers—mining, mechanical, electrical, ventilation, strata control, civil, method-study engineers—who will, in their various ways, transform the business of getting coal out of the ground.

For all these men this is the age of opportunity in coal. And they have, as an added incentive, the prospect of building a higher standard of living for us all.

COAL'S OVERWHELMING IMPORTANCE



As this chart shows, coal will not be replaced by other sources of power for many generations. Although oil and nuclear power will each year increase their supply of energy, our need for energy is also increasing—at an even faster rate. The result is a growing gap between the energy we have and the energy we need. We have more than enough coal under our own ground to fill this gap—if we can dig it out. With new methods and new men we can.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD, Hobart House, London, S.W.1
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Art

Round the London Galleries

By DAVID PIPER

ON the summer morning face of the London art world the rash of spots persists, indeed thickens. The specialists in diagnostics are there as usual, noting the heredity, analysing the symptoms, and attempting still after a decade to arrive at a satisfactory definition of the condition. This condition can currently be studied at two exhibitions. One is a remarkable private collection on loan to the Arts Council in St. James's Square, leading from Ernst and de Stael to Soulages, Dubuffet, Appel, Riopelle, Francis; the second is a magisterial one-man show by the last-named, Sam Francis, at Gimpel's.

Tachism; the ism of spots; action painting; *art autre*—the art is other. Like Dada, this activity rejects; rejects all previous conventions of what a picture is—representation, composition, pictorial architecture, abstract form, all previous isms: these are all out. Paint itself remains, and the painter busy in it. So much and more is common knowledge to those who follow the galleries; Mr. Alloway's introduction to the Arts Council catalogue is an important addition to the literature of the subject, enlightening and actually readable (despite some over-indulgence in polysyllables) both on the underlying principles of the movement and on the character of the various painters' work. But to the non-painter, the amateur (such as myself, rather than critic), the affinities between the actual works may be less obvious than their disparities; what have they in common besides that which they reject?

For me, a possible common quality is that they tend to treat painting as it were as a conversation: a conversation between the painter and the paint, in which the latter is almost as much an active partner, emancipated, as the former. The luminous canvas spreads like afternoon from a terrace; upon it the two partners converse, casual-seeming, but in passion: they are lovers, working each upon the other. Sometimes the painter may have specific intentions (not always, to my eye, strictly honourable), and he forces the paint into images which the paint does its best to reject (as in Appel's monstrous heads), or scratches crude symbols on it like Dubuffet. But, in Riopelle, in Jenkins, and above all in Sam Francis, the dialogue of paint and painter is a lyrical expression of being very intensely alive.

When reproduced in black and white, Francis' latest work, for those who do not know it, is likely to arouse disgust; it might be a microfilm of some torn organic tissue, which bleeds. (I reproduce one in the hope that it may, by provoking such indignant disbelief in my following comments, drive some to pleasure before the paintings themselves.) In the actual paint, in the rich colour, it retains this feeling of a living growth, almost of a cellular organism. The paint goes on to the canvas very fluid, and it tends to put down long delicate trails of colour, as a water plant puts down its roots, into the light of the white canvas. These far from idiotic dribbles in fact both stabilise the painting as an

object, and, by tilting up the lower edge of each petal of paint, open up depths of extraordinary mystery. The enormous canvas which takes up the whole end wall at Gimpel's invites you in to a serenely contemplative mood which is new in contemporary painting; I thought it would be wonderful not only to live with but almost to live in. I remembered Malay river villages, secret on their stilts over the shining flow of water. Francis here is almost oriental in atmosphere, and could go on indefinitely like this, rather like

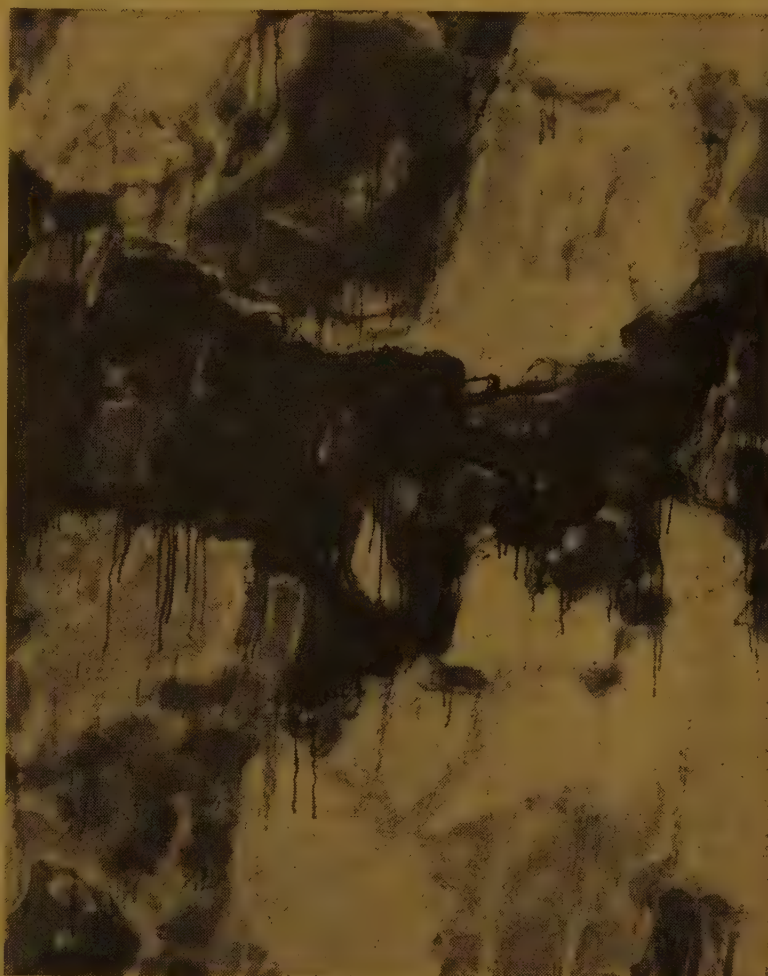
Hsia Kuei's *Myriad Miles of the Yangtze* (I believe, incidentally, that Francis, a thirty-three-year-old American who has worked much in Paris, is now himself on his way to the Far East).

Elsewhere the season proceeds with some exhibitions of more orthodox, seriously professional painting in established traditions. At the Redfern is a large, too large, display of J. E. Blanche, and also Ceri Richards who shows mostly recumbent nudes, dismembered and ably rearranged—but there is a weird dissonance between his subject-matter, tending to gory rather than to red, and the almost edibly delightful texture of the paint. Here I heard a young man murmur, not without reverence: 'There has been a terrible accident'. The remark seemed neither facetious nor irrelevant. Next door, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco, there is, upstairs, the minor curiosity of sturdy and occasionally extremely subtle oil-sketches done in the open by Paul Delance, previously forgotten as an exhibitor of large academic contrivances at the Salon (he died in 1924, aged seventy-six); downstairs, and not to be missed, a most choice assembly of smallish (the right size) Sickerts, some of them of top quality, finally disposed in that filtered light of which he was the master; even his skies

wear their blue like a veil. His propinquity to Blanche, his near-contemporary and co-admirer of Dieppe, next door at the Redfern, is very hard on Blanche.

Finally, at the O'Hana Galleries, at first sight a fresh irruption of spots, spattered over Rubin's drawings as if to dissuade you from a suspicion that the strong, masterly swoop of his line is, perhaps, a little mannered. Rubin, Rumanian born, was studying in Paris in 1913, and last showed in London in 1928; he is almost unknown here but well worth looking at. He paints now the landscape of Israel in terms of the Promised Land of dream, a Renoir-like voluptuous mist of olives amongst which minarets and staccato cypresses tend to be overplayed as a writer may overwork the exclamation mark. His vision for me borders dangerously on whimsy, but he is best when harnessed closely to tangible if ephemeral flowers, and his sure and clean technique, his evocation of oases of coolness in heat, and his tonal subtlety, these give most agreeable enjoyment.

Sickert's 'The Lady in the Gondola', reproduced on our cover this week, is from the exhibition at Roland, Browse and Delbanco mentioned by Mr. Piper.



'Painting 1956', by Sam Francis: from the exhibition at Gimpel Fils

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Unconscious Motives of War By Alix Strachey.

Allen and Unwin. 25s.

IN THESE MODERN TIMES when no subject seems too trivial to engage the attentions of psychologists, psycho-analysts or sociologists, it is remarkable that the psychology of war should have received such scant notice. In the 1930s early essays by Freud and Edward Glover pointed the urgent necessity of applying the principles of 'depth psychology' to the problem; and for a few years before and after the second world war the literature on the subject began to expand. But with the passage of time and in spite of the alarm and despondency aroused by the development of the H-bomb and the threat of a world-destroying cobalt bomb, it has dwindled to proportions grotesquely inadequate to the magnitude and urgency of the issue.

If only for this reason Mrs. Strachey's book is to be welcomed. Admittedly she has little to say regarding the applications of psycho-analysis to the causes and prevention of war that has not been said before, but she says it with a persuasive pedagogic skill that should commend her book to the attention of the general reader, for whom indeed it is designed. Almost three-quarters of her total space is devoted to a presentation of Freudian theory of mental development and of the history and methodology of psycho-analytical treatment—an unconscionably long preamble, it may be thought, but one which, regarded as a popular exposition, it would be hard to improve on.

In the last part of her book Mrs. Strachey settles down to her main thesis, illustrating in a convincing manner the regressive forces existing in the group and the fact that the Sovereign State is specially qualified to function as a regressive force and therefore to promote amongst its members hostile attitudes to and destructive lines of action against outsiders. This leads to one of her main recommendations, *viz.*, to do away with or at least reduce those features of the National State which make it a regressive group, particularly despotic government and leadership. The power of non-aligned groups within the State should be encouraged. Travel and inter-communication should be fostered and Sovereign States subordinated in part to a Super-state organisation, thus promoting a new group-mentality.

To these prerequisites of peace Mrs. Strachey adds the necessity to get behind the regressive group and tackle the mental attitudes of the individual which predispose him to give assent and force to the regressive policies and actions of the State. This is to be done mainly by bringing his mental development during childhood up to date, a process regarding which she has much of controversial interest to say. The universal application of actual psycho-analysis being impracticable, she recommends the psycho-analytic handling of leading personalities in the community, together with the widespread application of recommendations which flow from psycho-analytical theory.

Thus baldly summarised, the author's conclusions would appear meagre and in some instances unpromising. There is, for example, little prospect that leading personalities would be willing to undergo an effective psycho-analysis, unless of course they happened to suffer from a neurosis or some equivalent mental disorder accessible to the process. Nevertheless there is some reason to suppose that with

the active co-operation, on the one hand of parents and on the other of social psychologists and anthropologists who are more familiar with the internal structure of the National State, powerful influences of the kind the author describes could be brought to bear at key points with some effect on war-mindedness. However that may be, and Mrs. Strachey is well aware of the many difficulties, the book can be recommended to thoughtful readers, if only for the excellent survey it gives of Freud's theories of individual development and of group structure and function.

Seven Caves. By Carleton S. Coon. Cape. 28s.

This admirable book is an account of the excavation of caves inhabited during the Old Stone Age in Tangier and in the Middle East. The author has the rare gift of being able to write in an easy style about difficult matters. That is because he is a humanist in the fullest sense of the word, interested in living people as well as in dead ones. Part of the fascination of his book is due to his account of the manifold reactions of the workmen he employed, nearly all of them peasants for whom archaeological digging was a fresh experience. To carry out excavations under the conditions here described needed much more than mere archaeological skill, though the author has that in good measure; it must also have demanded tact, forbearance and infinite patience. All of it was pioneer work of the first importance.

The author started digging caves in the hope of solving a major problem of human origins, namely, whence came the ancestors of modern Europeans? Naturally, as he admits, he hardly dared hope to solve this problem at the first attempt, but merely to prepare the way for a solution. He argued that if (as we now think) that great step forward through agriculture to civilisation took place somewhere between the Mediterranean, the Caspian, and the Persian Gulf, the same region may also have been the scene of an earlier advance in culture—that from the first (hand-axe) period to the later and more developed stages of the Old Stone Age. He therefore set about looking for caves in suitable limestone regions on the southern shores of the Caspian and in northern Afghanistan. The dates of deposits in caves there, obtained by radio-carbon tests, go back some 10,000 years—that is, to mesolithic and late palaeolithic times, when the European Ice Age was coming to an end. A cave in Syria gave a date a little older than 40,000 years—'the oldest . . . yet found at a site once occupied by human beings'. It is obvious that there is a vast field for cave-digging in all these regions; it is unfortunately also obvious that the practical difficulties are immense. As if these were not formidable enough they were supplemented, in Syria, by a ridiculous entanglement of red tape, and by the churlish behaviour of the Director of Antiquities there, narrated with most commendable restraint by the author.

There is one aspect of this avowedly 'popular' book that must be mentioned. It is a book not only for the general public but also for archaeologists who are primarily concerned with later human history. For them the 'technical terms' that have tied Stone Age archaeology down flat on its back like the cords that bound Gulliver in Lilliput need to be unfastened by just such hands as those that wrote this book. Nor is

this merely a question of technical terms, which many of us know or can learn, it is the whole treatment that is often obscured by woolly thinking and a fear of being found wrong.

The Penguin Book of German Verse. Introduced and edited by Leonard Forster. Penguin. 6s.

This anthology begins with some monuments of Old High German verse and proceeds to a selection of the best known courtly poetry of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, followed by a generous quantity of the ballads and anonymous popular verse of the late Middle Ages and the sixteenth century. Emphasis is given to the seventeenth century, when the Alexandrine became the generally used metrical line and the sonnet acquired, in the hands of Fleming and Gryphius, a grandeur of manner that was to be lost until it was rediscovered by Rilke. Much eighteenth-century German lyrical poetry is thin and conventional by comparison, and only a little of the verse of Klopstock or Claudius is of more than historical interest; the cool melancholy of Höltz is more affecting.

Goethe is, as would be expected, the most generously represented author in the anthology. While welcoming the positive appraisal of Schiller's verse that is implied by the amount of space allocated to it, one feels that in this case the editor has been too generous; both Hölderlin and Rilke receive less attention than Schiller.

The Romantic manner, with its fairy-tale, folksong themes and pervasive subjectivity of mood, weighed heavily on subsequent nineteenth-century poets. Professor Forster has thinned out the luxuriant beds to some effect here, so that the lyrics of Heine and Mörike can be seen the more clearly. Although no poets are included whose date of birth came after 1900, Schröder, Benn, Brecht, Langgässer and F. G. Jünger can be represented, as well as George, Trakl, Heym and others who are usually associated with an earlier generation of the twentieth century. This volume may well throw new light on earlier periods of German literature for many readers, and the inclusion of regional, dialect verse adds a welcome strand of homely realism to the texture of the anthology. The prose translations are helpful and lively, and the volume has throughout been compiled with scholarly care.

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. Edited by E. L. Woodward and Rohan Butler.

Second Series, Vol. VI 1933-34.
H.M. Stationery Office. £5.

The main theme of this latest volume of British Documents to become available is that of the disarmament discussions which followed Nazi Germany's exit from the League of Nations. Very frank comment on the whole position is to be found in the Foreign Office Memorandum drawn up by Mr. Alan Leeper on November 21, 1933, here published as Appendix I. As Leeper said, not only the Disarmament Conference but the League of Nations and all that depended upon it, the plebiscite in the Saar, the Free City of Danzig and so on, were at stake.

The cream of this volume appears, indeed, to have been saved to the end and offered in the four Appendices. Appendix II, for instance, con-

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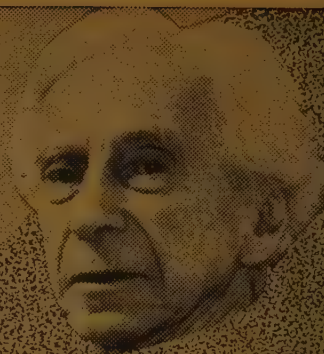
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tains a despatch from Sir Eric Phipps, our Ambassador in Berlin, upon the conclusion of the Reichstag fire trial. After commenting upon the courage and intelligence of Dimitrov, Phipps remarked that the Bulgarian nevertheless 'showed himself clearly to be a man who, had the situation been reversed, would have given no quarter to his opponents'. In the same Appendix there is another despatch from Phipps which examines the eruption in Germany on June 30, 1934. In view of the trial of Sepp Dietrich and Lippert the subject gains topical interest, and Sir Eric's style is endearing. The future outlook for Germany he felt to be gloomy, 'directed as she is by a now less than ever balanced Führer'. 'Forecasts based on the use of common sense are unreliable where common sense is the rarest of all attributes, whether of statesmen or simple citizens'. But he added that if a disarmament convention was still desired he could not help feeling that 'the otherwise nauseating events of the week-end have improved the prospects quite considerably'.

Appendix III consists of Vansittart's Memorandum on the future of Germany drawn up on a slightly earlier date. It concluded by contrasting the Nazi glorification of force with the principles of the League of Nations. Even if Germany should return to Geneva 'under prayer and pressure' her ambitions would not be changed 'unless she changes her heart and the teaching of the rising generation'.

The main body of Volume VI contains all kinds of instructive material, such, for example, as the despatches from Prague, Budapest, and Belgrade in reply to a request of February 26, 1934, asking the respective Ministers for a report on 'opinion in the countries concerned regarding the situation in Austria and the more active policy being pursued by Italy both there and in Hungary'. Sir George Clerk, on taking over the British Embassy in Paris, on June 14 reported upon the Franco-Soviet rapprochement which was to lead to the Franco-Russian Treaty of May 1935. A little later, on July 26, Mr. Campbell was at pains to report in a letter to Vansittart that Léger believed in a flirtation between Moscow and Berlin which might make it the more necessary to close with Moscow; such scares were frequent long before the pact of August 1939 so that one wonders why, when it came, that agreement caused such world-wide astonishment.

Parnell and his Party 1880-90

By Conor Cruise O'Brien.

Oxford. 45s.

In the period dealt with by this book Ireland was still suffering from the effects of the famine, mass evictions and mass emigration prevailed, but powerful new factors had begun to operate, namely Fenianism, the rising influence of the Irish in America, and the Land League. Parnell utilised all these to form one great national movement, but his most spectacular function was his leadership of the Irish representation in parliament. He controlled the party in a way it had never been controlled before; it became the most highly disciplined party in parliament; and Irish affairs became a main concern of the House.

Mr. O'Brien discusses Parnell's relation to his party and analyses its political action, membership and machinery. Under its influence Gladstone's Land Act of 1881 was secured which led ultimately to the abolition of the old landlordism, and Gladstone and the Liberals were converted to Home Rule. Unlike Wolfe Tone, Parnell was not a revolutionary, but a believer in constitutional politics. He did not seek to break the connection with England, but accepted

the Bill of 1886, which provided for a united self-governing Ireland as a willing partner in the British Empire.

Queen Victoria wrote in her *Journals* on the 1st February 1886: Mr. Gladstone continued to say that one could not doubt the opinion of Ireland when eighty-six members were returned by the Irish people in favour of it [Home Rule]. I observed that these were mostly low, disreputable men, who were elected by order of Parnell, and did not genuinely represent the whole country.

Mr. Gladstone himself wrote to R. Barry O'Brien on December 11, 1895: 'I set the Home Rule question on foot exclusively in obedience to the call of Ireland, that call being in my judgment constitutional and conclusive'. And two years later he described the Irish Party as having been most efficient, able and disciplined. He referred to Parnell as 'the most remarkable man I ever met', and placed him 'with or next to Daniel O'Connell' on the list of Irish patriots.

Mr. O'Brien disabuses us of the idea that the fall of Parnell after the divorce was primarily the fault of the Irish Catholic bishops, and emphasises the fact that it was actually the English 'non-conformist conscience' that brought him down. Although after his death the Protestant landlord who had championed Ireland became a mythical hero, the prestige of the Irish Party declined, and the revolutionary movement gathered strength. This closely-reasoned book, based on extensive and original research and written without sentiment, is mainly a study for specialists; it should, however, appeal to the general reader and increase his interest in Ireland.

The Rise of the House of Duveen

By J. H. Duveen. Longmans. 18s.

This is the second book to be published during recent years concerning the House of Duveen, and there may well be others; it is indeed possible to foresee the day when some university, probably an American university, will enable students to take a degree in Duveen studies. The field of research is vast, rich and curious. No one need therefore suppose that Mr. James Henry Duveen covers the same ground as that over which Mr. S. N. Behrman travelled with such élan; their territory, indeed, barely overlaps. Nor should it be supposed that the present author, as a child of the house, is restrained by filial piety and thereby rendered less interesting. He has indeed a warm affection for the great Sir Joseph; but his descriptions of the demonic Joe—Lord Duveen of Millbank—certainly do not err in the direction of charity; they make, in consequence, some of the best reading in this very readable book.

But even without the exhilarating influence of that impulsive brigand of the art market to sustain it, there would be very few dull pages in this work. Mr. Duveen writes with simplicity and sympathy and, from the tangle of family relationships which is mitigated—but not wholly elucidated—by a genealogical tree, the reader may form a lively picture of that astonishing race of dealers, dealers who bought recklessly on an overdraft, who combined an astonishing flair for the right—the saleable—*objet d'art* with an equal talent for dealing with men and women, from the bullying tycoon who spat on the carpet to shrewd and erudite collectors of old porcelain, or, most difficult of all, with fellow members of the same voracious clan. Between these, the battles, the heart-breaking love affairs, the marriages of convenience, the intrigues and the reconciliations were tremendous.

It is a good story. It has not much to do with art as artists understand that word. The writer, it is true, has a genuine feeling for the

porcelain that passed through his hands, but neither he nor his relations ever took the risk of buying something which they simply felt to be good. Not for them the heroism of Le Père Tanguy nor even that insight which leads to the resuscitation of some neglected old master. They supplied a market that prized, not what was new and original but what, in an acceptable style, was genuinely antique. They were the purveyors of an aristocracy which decorated its palaces with the spoils of the past, which never, consciously, employed a living artist when it could help it and which, when compared to the great aristocracies of the past, may be said to have created nothing. Really, the taste and ingenuity of the Duveens was wasted upon them.

Gandhi to Vinoba: the New Pilgrimage

By Lanza del Vasto. Translated by

Philip Leon. Rider. 21s.

The literature on Vinoba, 'the most popular hero of India today', is growing, but this is the best account to appear so far not only of the life and thought of this remarkable man, but also of his personality and works. The author is an Italian and a devout Roman Catholic, who came under the influence of Gandhi twenty years ago, and then founded a Gandhian order in France. He returned to India to meet Gandhi's successor, who had meanwhile created the Land Gifts Movement (the Bhu-Dan), which aims at persuading landowners large and small to surrender voluntarily a sixth of their land for distribution to the poor. By the end of 1955 some four million acres had been given away, not to become small-holdings but to be worked communally by the Indian peasantry.

Important and successful as it is in the economic sphere, Bhu-Dan is primarily a spiritual movement, concerned to remedy the worst of the evils, which is lack of love. Now that 'domination by the foreigner' is no longer to be blamed for any of India's evils, the movement can concentrate on the country's inherent divisions—the division between Hindu and Moslem, between rich and poor, between men of caste and outcasts. But the religious and moral problems of India cannot be separated from its economic problems, and behind everything rises the spectre of the machine, which Gandhi and Vinoba agree in considering as a threat to the Indian way of life (more fundamentally, as a source of evil everywhere).

Lanza del Vasto is himself an exceptional man—a philosopher and a poet, a musician and a painter, and, as this book shows, a writer of great distinction (he writes in French, and his fine style is excellently rendered into English by Professor Leon). The present book consists of three parts: a life of Vinoba, a journal of a march with Vinoba on one of his Bhu-Dan expeditions, and a collection of texts and sayings of Vinoba. One might, without any feeling of exaggeration or irreverence, compare this book to the gospels of the evangelists—it has the same fervour conveyed with a similar lyrical simplicity; the same conviction of a saintly presence; the same devotion of the poor and oppressed. It teaches, indeed, the same gospel of love. We should not put it aside with the thought that it concerns another country, other races, whose problems are not our problems. India is not so far from Palestine, and the message of Gandhi and Vinoba is no less universal than that of Jesus. Del Vasto has been challenged by his fellow-Christians, who ask: 'Do you want to turn us into Hindus, Buddhists, or fakirs?'; and to these critics he replies:

The barriers of prejudice and ignorance are, it seems to me, bad bulwarks for our faith. . . . The doctrine which I preach and uphold, and to

which I am looking for a social and spiritual revival both in the West and the East, is the Gandhian doctrine, which cannot clash with our religious faith, because it is not a new religion or even a religious doctrine at all, for it concerns another plane.

It is a doctrine of social and personal change which can only clash with other doctrines of social change.

It is a social doctrine which is in conformity with the precepts of religion—of every religion, but more particularly of our own, which need not

surprise us, since it is drawn directly from the precepts of the New Testament.

If there is any hope of or desire for a religious revival in the world today, it is to be found in this impressive movement.

New Novels

Half of a Story. By Jean Morris. Cassell. 15s.

Far, Far the Mountain Peak. By John Masters. Michael Joseph. 15s.

The World's Game. By Hugh Thomas. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.

The Mystic Masseur. By V. S. Naipaul. Andre Deutsch. 12s. 6d.

EARLY in Jean Morris' new novel, *Half of a Story*, there is a moment which, like a tonic chord in music, sets the whole book's key. The note it strikes may not recur so clearly or simply, but it remains in the mind, making a point from which all else departs, to which all else returns. Laurence Seton, a passionate climber, is returning from an Alpine holiday. In the train from Innsbruck to Zurich, a political argument breaks out between the two friends with him. To escape, he sends his mind back to the mountains they have just crossed, the great range from the Arlberg to the Engadine whose snows feed the four rivers of Europe. There, on the watershed of the continent, he remembers drinking icy water from cupped hands, ignorant whether he robbed the Po or the Danube, the Mediterranean or the North Sea.

Abyssinia, Stresa, the Rhineland, said the world to Laurence in this summer of 1936, and Laurence in reply advanced the ridges above Airolo, where the Rhine and the Rhône and the Ticino rose in one small space...

It is the keynote, in a way, of all these novels. If that answer means nothing to you, I doubt if they can mean much. Their simultaneous appearance, in a bright, fortuitous flock, suggests that those of us who for years now have been mourning the disappearance of the political novel may simply have been looking in the wrong direction. Perhaps, after all, it is not literature that has changed course, but politics. Certainly, we have had few novels since the war about parliament or party; no *Coningsby* has come out of our Conservative revival. Nor has the Cold War produced many attempts (unless you count Ian Fleming) to contrast *Our Way of Life* with *Theirs*. Instead, the 'fifties have given us the novel of travel: a spate of fiction set in Greece or Burma, Spain or Mexico, India or Sierra Leone. We skipped through them over a gas-fire, and dismissed them as escapism. But in their way they reflected the major political fact of the century, as 'politics', in the old sense, has not: that the world has shrunk, and is still shrinking. Perhaps the poets have once more anticipated the legislators, in realising that politics is no longer a matter of countries, but of continents; no longer the confrontation of class, but of race. And perhaps from that confrontation, bitter though it is, they have begun to create something that earlier efforts at internationalism withered for lack of: a genuinely cosmopolitan sensibility, a real vision of the world without frontiers.

Miss Morris comes close to it in her novel. If she falls just short of transforming idea into vision, it is because her attack on the dividers of mankind forces another kind of dichotomising on her. Early in the 'twenties, Laurence Seton meets, skiing in the Tyrol, two German brothers, Christian and Gregor Riederer. It is Christian, blond and brilliant, who teaches him the love of mountains, and his first lesson in planetary living. 'Look, we are the new Europeans', he cries exultantly. 'We know only one thing surely, but it's all we need to know. Of all evils, the first and worst and always avoidable is war!'

But fifteen years later, a fanged wind is howling through the new Europe, and Christian, trying to stand against it, has become a hunted and ruthless anti-Nazi, risking other lives with his own. Laurence admires his stand, and despises Gregor for leaving Germany to become a doctor. It takes him two years of the peculiar horrors of tuberculosis, in the days before streptomycin, to understand Gregor and his half of the story: the New Testament required to fulfil the Old, that to be truly on the side of the victims, it is necessary to become a victim.

Miss Morris involves one with appalling skill in the antiseptic hopelessness of sanatorium life, which she balances subtly against the lyric heights of heroism. Each, in the end, is a white, airless world, with its own forms of bravery and desperation. But by balancing them against each other, instead of some normality between, she gives both halves of the story without quite fusing them into a whole. Committed to depicting the two visions, she commits herself to two styles: a militant rhetoric for strength, a feverish detail for weakness. Both are too heightened to permit full concreteness, and become slightly wearing. But failure on this level seems worth several smaller successes. She has written a serious and distinguished novel.

On another level—somewhere, I should say, just below C. S. Forester and above Nevil Shute—John Masters has almost written the same one. By odd chance, *Far, Far the Mountain Peak* handles the identical theme in identical symbols. Its hero, Peter Savage (whose ancestors, I gather, populate Mr. Masters' earlier novels of India) also climbs, and belongs to the strong in spirit: his college is King's, but he administers his Punjab district like a Balliol man. He too comes painfully to understand, and cast his lot with, earth's promised inheritors; and again the symbols are a Himalayan peak he cannot conquer, a friend's decision to become a doctor. The message is dressed up in a good deal of romantic Errol Flynnery—aristocratic Edwardian adulteries, ropes breaking on icy precipices, a simultaneous earthquake and flood. But these shouldn't obscure its seriousness: in some ways, Mr. Masters' presentation is more forceful than Miss Morris'. What he lacks in subtlety, he makes up for with strong historical sense. Peter Savage compounds the characteristics of our last two heroes in the traditional mould, Mallory and T. E. Lawrence—like the latter, he stages a brilliant Great War side-show, and retires anonymously into the ranks. His collapse and re-awakening are made to mirror the end of that tradition, and, appropriately, his turning point comes at the battle of the Somme. Peter learns that he can forgive cowardice, and through that crack in his conditioning rushes a world of acceptance. He begins to understand the Indian rejection of categories and dichotomies, the vision of an undivided universe. Mr. Masters has proved himself an inventive and workmanlike writer. He handles lightly but adeptly the technicalities of his subject. But he shows himself something more in his last pages, describing a final assault, by English, French

and Sherpas, on the great peak of the title. He looks forward there, with comprehension, to the meaning for the world of that morning on Everest in May, 1953.

Hugh Thomas' first novel, *The World's Game*, is a very first novel indeed. He has put everything in it: farce, satire, sentimental comedy: imitations of Stendhal, imitations of Disraeli; his social disgusts, his political ideals, good writing, bad writing, and some extremely baroque effects of syntax whose position between the two personal taste must determine. It is a light *Bildungsroman* about young men in the Foreign Office, obviously destined for filming, with Ian Carmichael. It is an acid little French *conte* about innocent youth and the Discreet Married Woman. It is also a fairly serious pamphlet against the practice of brinkmanship in western diplomacy. Mr. Thomas partly makes this disparity of material a virtue, by erecting it into a principle of structure and of life: the Flaubertian principle that nothing meets. Simon Smith, his hero, dreams in the office about Laura, his senior's wife; but in her boudoir tries to make her understand the importance of the disarmament conference he is working on. Both lives produce their crises and fervours—Laura's husband is transferred abroad, the Russians agree to inspection—but never at the same time; Simon's emotional life is a perpetual irony of mistiming, and most city-dwellers will recognise it. The book's best, and key, moment comes from such irony. As the import of the Russian proposals dawns on him, Simon sits fired with the vision of swords being beaten to domestic appliances, generals exploding, admirals melting away, the War Office in ruins. But the speech drones on against a wall of polite silence, the western diplomats pretend nothing has happened, and the world continues its suicidal game. About some things, the author feels too strongly for comedy, and his intensity mauls the gauzier stuff around it. He is better at handling his poker-faced satire on Whitehall procedure, and idylls in St. James's Park. But without the intensity it would be a lesser novel, and might even lose some of its considerable charm.

In a way, V. S. Naipaul's short and engaging novel is the most sophisticated performance of these four. On the surface, it seems a simple and somewhat parochial joke: the rise of a Hindu youth from the cane-fields of Trinidad to fame and fortune with a minimum of effort. Ganesh Ramsumair discovers that reading is the least arduous activity, in a hot climate, that can pass for work, and winds up an M.B.E. Much of the humour comes from local effects of dialect ('The children getting modern, eh?') which may mean as little to you as Burns to me. But Mr. Naipaul has an ulterior motive, which emerges in the end. He relishes the comedy and excitement of a polyglot people, whose mixing keeps them in a happy state of perpetual discovery. Having lived and studied outside, he advances the society of his native island as an answer to the world of 1957.

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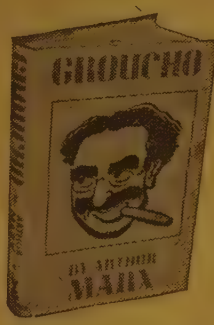
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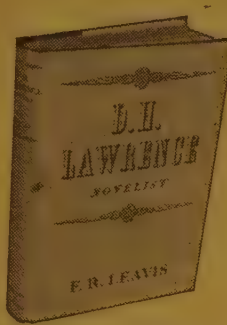
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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

United Nations

A ROYAL VISIT is an ideal subject for television, with its pageantry of grand processions, ceremonial banquets in gorgeous surroundings, the close-ups of kings, queens, presidents and other distinguished persons, and the exteriors and interiors of fine buildings. But such events usually happen at rare intervals only and so to see two royal visits within six weeks of each other is surely a unique experience and some viewers may have expected that in some of the scenes of the visit to Denmark they might seem to be watching over again the splendid spectacles in Paris. But everything, it turned out, was delightfully different and the difference was especially striking in the opening scenes—the arrival by sea which made such a picturesque and attractive prelude and the meeting of hosts and guests which, though it had its formalities, was quite evidently a family affair; nor could anything have been gayer than the procession to the Amalienborg Palace with the royal carriages and mounted troops, the trotting horses and the brilliant uniforms and dancing plumes of their riders, for there is no denying that your motor-car, however impressive individually and in the mass, has little of the liveliness and temperament of a living creature. When one of the horses drawing a royal carriage took exception to the military band the effect was simply a charming diversion, whereas a mechanical hitch in a motor-car would have been a disgrace. There were some superb shots of the exterior and interior of the Amalienborg Palace and the still more magnificent Christiansborg Palace and the state banquet there. In

short, all the programmes I saw were a constant pleasure to watch and Mr. Dimpleby, a quenchless fount of highly interesting information, showed himself entirely unembarrassed by those unforeseen delays which would have left a less resourceful man tongue-tied.

It was, I fancy, the result not of planning but of coincidence that gave us on Thursday an hour of 'Professional Boxing' as a prelude

since its foundation. Not only that: it was good to see and engrossing to hear. Judged by the time standard its entertainment value came out high, for the hour seemed little more than half an hour. Mr. Elliot and his film collaborators certainly made an excellent job of it.

At the school I attended, God in particular and religion in general were not regarded as themes for discussion, and at home, though we

said our prayers and went to church, it would have caused embarrassed surprise if any of us had mentioned God at the tea-table. But today this curious and unhealthy attitude is much less prevalent and in many quarters has entirely died out. In last week's 'Christian Forum' the boys of Wycliffe College, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, were invited to put questions on what we should believe and how we should believe to two distinguished ecclesiastics, Canon C. E. Raven and the Abbot of Downside, and Hugh Shortt, Curator of Salisbury Museum, and they showed no hesitation in availing themselves of the opportunity in some very pointed questions. 'Doesn't science elbow out religion?' asked one of them and received a clear and detailed reply both from Canon Raven, who himself had studied science at Cambridge, and from the Abbot. Canon Raven, in bringing his questioner up to date, mentioned the interesting fact that at the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge there is a weekly discussion on religion. When the next questioner jumped up and boldly and aggressively inquired

'Can you give me a convincing reason why I should respect and worship the God you believe in?' neither the Abbot nor the Canon batted an eyelid but proceeded to give reasons which no one, whether he found them acceptable or not, would be able to refute. Such discussions are not only valuable in themselves but a very healthy symptom in the present-day attitude to religion.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG



H.M. the Queen driving through Copenhagen with King Frederik at the beginning of her State visit to Denmark on May 21. In the evening the State Banquet at Christiansborg Palace was attended by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The royal arrival and the banquet were both televised by the B.B.C.

to 'The Bloodless Arena', a dramatised documentary about the United Nations. Unwisely I watched them both and I suspect it was owing to this and not to any obscurity in the work of the writer and producer John Elliot that I was somewhat bamboozled by the opening scenes of the latter, in fact that it was the sudden change from the simple spectacle of the boxing-ring to the complex and elaborately constructed programme of 'The Bloodless Arena' that caught my wits napping in those first few minutes, for after that everything came into focus for me. It was one of those programmes which, by an ingeniously planned script composed in terms of television technique, demonstrate what can be conveyed by television more quickly and simply than by any other medium. It taught me more in an hour about how U.N. works than I had managed to pick up in all the years

DRAMA

Tall Stories

FOR THE MOMENT I cannot remember having met any other play that ended with an embrace between a Scandinavian archaeologist (her mother, of course, was a Walloon) and a museum curator upon the top of one of the massive lintels of Stonehenge. No doubt my memory is fading; in life the situation must be familiar twice or thrice a week. Elaine Morgan, clearly as close an observer as Lindsay Anderson of the realities of existence, decided to put it into a television play called 'Do It Yourself'.

During Sunday's performance I kept thinking of poor Lieutenant Goldsmith. He was Oliver's grand-nephew and commanded a revenue cutter. One afternoon in 1824, for no better reason than to kill an idle hour, he came ashore with a boat's crew at Treryn Dinas, near Porthcurno, dislodged the beautifully-poised sixty-ton granite



A scene from 'The Bloodless Arena', a programme on the United Nations, on May 23: Nirmala, a Singhalese girl, being greeted on becoming a member of the staff at U.N. headquarters in New York



'Do It Yourself' on May 26, with (left to right) Andrew Cruickshank as Sir Basil, Peter Hammond as Alec Gordon, Leonard Sharp as an usher, and Ronald Adam as the Judge

block of the Logan Stone (something that long afterwards might have offered Rider Haggard a hint for the Swaying Stone opposite the Trembling Spur), and sent it toppling down. It cost him, at the Admiralty's order, something like £124 to get it back again.

Goldsmith was not trying out an idea. He was merely being destructive. But Miss Morgan's Alec Gordon has a job to do. He is a museum curator; he has written a popular book on archaeology (with a theory about Stonehenge); a pompous expert has flayed book and theory in an august journal; and Alec, to confute him, and aided by a friend and a good deal of rough cider, pulls down the lintel from a trilithon. How to get it back? That will be the test.

It is a useful notion, though the dramatist has been reckless. She flings in character upon character. There is an embarrassing moment midway when Alec allows his affections to veer from a loyal librarian to Jill Bennett's Scandinavian girl. And I never quite knew where we were on Sunday with the choleric pundit, Sir Basil; he turns out to be reasonable, but even Andrew Cruickshank could not persuade me that—either in a roaring huff-and-puff or as velvety as the best butter—the man was eminent enough to break the reviewing traditions of a famous journal.

Intermittently this was a disarming night. It never disarmed me entirely. I wanted to ask Miss Morgan whether she thought she was writing fantasy or straight comedy. Once the piece seemed to be turning into topical burlesque, with Sir Basil forced to play 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' in the witness-box, something I am sure could never have happened in a court presided over by Mr. Justice Adam. (For the second Sunday in succession we met a defendant conducting his own case. I am beginning to think wistfully of the good old-fashioned trial-play).

Now and then Miss Morgan let seriousness creep in. Towards the end she threw up what appeared to be a snippet from 'Inventors' Club'. There was Charles Lamb (confusing, I know, but it is the actor's name) demonstrating to Alec (Peter Hammond) just how easy it would be to replace the fallen lintel, and setting up model after model to explain. At

this point I almost deserted in my eagerness to get down to Salisbury Plain and to try the method for myself. Anyone can re-erect a lintel after a few easy lessons. Send a postcard to the Chief Druid for particulars.

Still, by the time my wandering thoughts had flicked back to the screen, we were on top of the lintel and the world: Miss Morgan had decided to end the play with her gentle exposition of an archaeologist's tribal rites. The piece, in memory, has a certain maddening charm. It maddens because we can never begin to believe, and in even this kind of go-as-you-please invention we ought to start from a firm base (Stonehenge is

not firm enough). It charms because Miss Morgan has a happy gift of blowing little bubbles of irrelevant comedy. On Sunday I liked very much her provincial reporter with a grievance, and that press conference at Sir Basil's. The director (Alan Bromly) took it along at speed, whisking us down to manoeuvres on the Plain; and Peter Hammond, acting Alec like a lucky-Jim terrier, had us with him from the first. Although I am certain that Jill Bennett's Scandinavian archaeologist would not have known the difference between a Stone Age axe and a spanner, she was an agreeable decoration on a tall story. (Even the ghost of Lieutenant Goldsmith, who was watching with me, ceased to snort.)

We never doubted what Joan Trimble (composer) and Cedric Cliffe (librettist) sought to do in their 'lyrical tale' of 'Blind Raftery'. This little opera, based on Donn Byrne's novel, told with a direct and imaginative relish its tale of the blind harper, the Spanish woman, and the revengeful Welshman in eighteenth-century Galway. Tall, maybe, but who worried? I had known Raftery only as a name in a Yeats poem ('the waters . . . darkening through "dark" Raftery's "cellar" drop'); now the name will recall to me the voices of Denis Dowling and

Gertrude Holt, and the haunting pictorial sense of Christian Simpson's production. It was a pity that we had to shoot off into the News with hardly a break: in television, as in the country-woman's view of her first dictionary, 'the subject do change considerable', though we should realise by this time that all is dominated by the cry of 'Look at the clock!'

I found myself looking at the clock once or twice during Sunday's 'Winifred Atwell Show' which appeared to be loitering; but all went well when Les Compagnons de la Chanson sang those tall stories of theirs with a fervour peculiarly French.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Book Beats Play

IT IS NO PART of the case I opened in this column last week, and to which I hope to return soon, that the major stage plays *always* makes better radio drama than the best adaptation of a major or even of a minor novel, though I suspect that would be the normative result over any extended period, for reasons I have yet to advance. Last week, anyway, form was reversed. There were two adaptations and one stage play; a proportion worth noting in view of the trend in recent weeks to which I drew attention, which is giving us more adapted novels than stage plays. The stage play was Miles Malleeson's version of Molière's 'Le Misanthrope' given in the Home Service as 'The Slave of Truth'. The adapted novels were Christopher Isherwood's 'Mr. Norris Changes Trains' in the Third, and a laboured nautical thriller 'Death of an Admiral' in the Home. Yet, in so far as works of very different character can be listed like race results, I had no doubt that Isherwood won, with the admiral second and Molière merely placed.

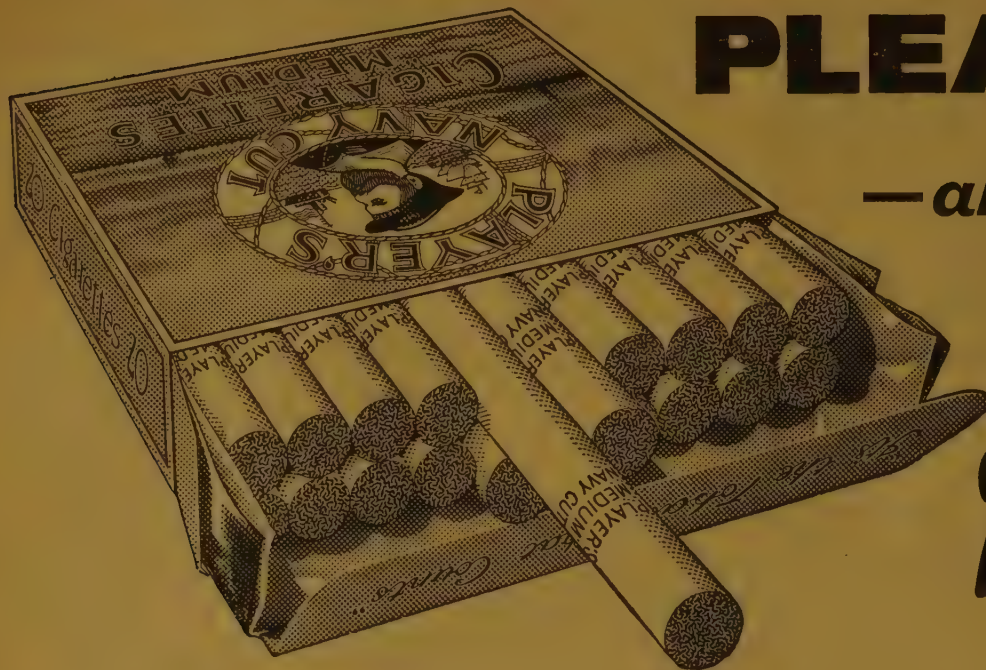
Why was that so? Partly because Mr. Malleeson's agreeable adaptations may be described as Miles from Molière; more because there had been no radical adjustment of his stage version to radio, so that the artificial social background simply wasn't there; and most because the whole thing started off so seriously that it didn't become high comedy until it was too late. I don't think this proves very much either way about the suitability of major stage plays for the mike, except that some of them need more adaptation to the medium than others.

Christopher Isherwood's Berlin stories, as we saw when John van Druten adapted one of them for the stage in 'I Am a Camera', set individuals who are tangling their own lives in cross-purposes against a threateningly intrusive background of social decadence and growing political violence. Donald McWhinnie's production of 'Mr. Norris Changes Trains' had two big scenes in which this pattern sprang into dramatic life. The tumultuous background of the brothel scene (poor man's Genet, this), slurring and slumping into silence as the drunken hero passes out, was a brilliant effect. The speeches barked in aggressive German at the communist meeting made their point, too. Felix Felton is an actor who gives an admirably defined characterisation; one remembers that hooting laugh long after the play is over. But he was too clear-cut and cerebral for Mr. Norris, that complicated communist swindler with a taste in minuets and curiosa whom Mr. Isherwood manages to make an almost sympathetic character.



Gertrude Holt as Hilaria and Denis Dowling as Raftery in 'Blind Raftery' on May 21

PLAYER'S MEANS PLEASURE

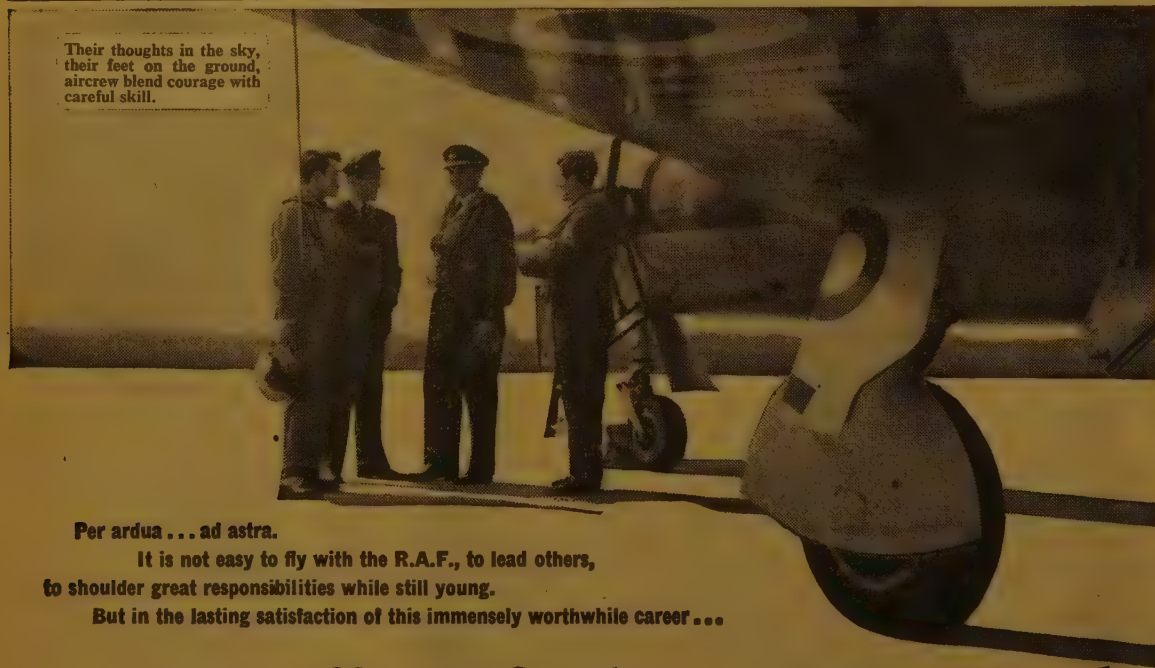


—and everyone
knows it

*Player's
Please*

[NOC 141 NN]

Their thoughts in the sky,
their feet on the ground,
aircrew blend courage with
careful skill.



Per ardua . . . ad astra.

It is not easy to fly with the R.A.F., to lead others,
to shoulder great responsibilities while still young.

But in the lasting satisfaction of this immensely worthwhile career . . .

great effort finds great reward

A young man's dream may dwell on flying. His common sense tends to call him back to earth—to consider the future and the building of a career.

Feet on the ground

In the Royal Air Force today you can satisfy both these demands—and the new appointment of Air Electronics Officers means more can now fly. These highly skilled men are trained to be responsible for all the electronic devices in the new V-bombers. But aircrew are

much more than flyers. They are often seconded for other important work in Britain and abroad. Training others, international liaison, aircraft development—these are but some of the jobs that may come your way. And responsibility grows fast. You can be a Group Captain while in your early forties, responsible for perhaps fifteen hundred men and several squadrons of modern aircraft. Beyond that? There is no limit. Quality counts in the R.A.F. and there will always be room at the top for good men.

A sure future—good pay

You can join the R.A.F. through the Direct Commission Scheme, confident of a permanent career right up to pension age. Or you can choose a twelve-year engagement, with the option of leaving after eight. If you leave after 12 years you take back to civilian life a tax-free gratuity of £4,000! Whichever you choose the pay is good. At the new rates, a Flight Lieutenant of 25 for instance, can draw, with full allowances, about £1,500 a year.



Interest, change, opportunity. Working life in the R.A.F. brings challenge—and great variety. Your leisure is equally lively: all the sports there are, dependable friends, a social life with wide horizons—and never a dull moment.

HOW TO FLY WITH THE R.A.F.

You must be between 17½ and 26 and absolutely fit. You must have General Certificate of Education or Scottish Leaving Certificate or their equivalents. You must be able to lead others, and you must have aptitude as well as enthusiasm for flying. If you feel you have all these qualities, write at once for details of the schemes of entry to the Air Ministry (LT.305), Adastral House, London, W.C.1. Give date of birth and educational qualifications.

The 
Royal Air Force
Flying...
and a career

Eric Ewens had done a good job of adaptation, but the radio play was as usual handicapped in places by its origins. It could not render into dialogue-and-effects some of the admirably acute observation that is the distinctive quality of Mr. Isherwood's descriptive prose. The opening is a case in point. In the radio version it has to be a single sentence from an announcer, about the stranger's innocent blue eyes; then minuet, train noises, and:

(Diffidently) I wonder, sir, if you could let me have a match?

(Terrified) Eh . . . ah? .

(Nervous) I wonder, sir, if you could let me have a match?

(—) Yes, yes. Er . . . certainly. But of course.

Quite a good opening, too. It arouses our interest in the man in the corner. What's he so jumpy about? It repeats almost verbatim the three lines of dialogue on the first page of the novel. But if you recall the three or four paragraphs with which Mr. Isherwood divides those deliberately commonplace words, you realise that however well the dialogue is played the best effects have had to go. Mr. Ewens knows it. A moment later he is salvaging a fragment of that prose by a bit of what the advertisement cartoonists label 'thinks'. This sort of loss is at least as pertinent to a discussion of radio drama derived from a novel as is reference to the loss of visual elements from an adapted stage play.

The microphone, it has often been remarked, is a merciless lie-detector, not only for acting performances but also, I should say, for scripts. 'Death of an Admiral', in the Home on Saturday, floated on a higher tide than Molière on Monday only because Audrey Cameron made the most of the nautical noises and got good performances from John Westbrook, Norman Shelley, and others. But the realism of the background ruthlessly exposed the contrivances of the plot. It had the sort of suspense that depends on a foreseeable progression: who murdered the admiral's wife and child in the war?; who, if anybody, murdered the admiral?; who, if anybody, did the admiral murder first? The answer in the last two cases being nobody, and, in the first case, not the suspected U-boat captain but the admiral's drunken parasite. At the end of it all there was an unidentified corpse left over. 'I feel all along that I've strayed into one of those detective stories', complained the hero. So did I.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Philosophy in Dialogue

IT IS A PITY that the dialogue has fallen out of fashion as a literary form. Perhaps we feel there is something a little frivolous about one man putting into motion two opposing flows of ideas; he will cheat, he will not be impartial about supplying each side with equally good arguments. But in fact, as Dryden showed in some of his best critical dialogues, Oscar Wilde in his dialogue on 'The Critic as Artist', and philosophers down the ages, the dialectical method can be the clearest and most honest method of pursuing an argument. And it is a method which lends itself perfectly to broadcasting. There have been frequent series of 'Imaginary Conversations' between famous historical figures, and few of these programmes turn out to be failures. When written with serious intentions they can make a proper illumination of some small tract of knowledge.

A year or two ago Mr. Maurice Cranston wrote a brilliant dialogue between Locke and Shaftesbury, which was almost a microcosm of the philosophical thought of two adjacent ages.

Last week the Third Programme broadcast another dialogue by Mr. Cranston, in which Savonarola and Machiavelli discussed the formation of the state. 'Perhaps we are both destined to be misunderstood' were Machiavelli's last words in the dialogue, and certainly Mr. Cranston was at pains to get as far as possible from the popular view of Savonarola as a narrow bigot, and of Machiavelli as the man who inspired the fantastic 'Machiavells' of Elizabethan drama. It was a dialogue based on a deep understanding of the true nature of the two men's minds, and I am sure Mr. Cranston put nothing into their mouths without some kind of documentary evidence for it. He made them into credible human beings who stood as the representative men behind the two main forces of ideas in late *quattrocento* Italy; the monk clinging to a conception of Christianity that was doomed by the enlargement of the spirit that followed the rediscovery of antiquity; the political philosopher using the knowledge that came with the rebirth to conceive a State that would be *made* ideal by the force of the intellect.

As basis for their discussion Mr. Cranston gave them the agreed premiss that the desirable form of government was republican, but whereas Machiavelli's state was based on the imperfectibility of man rather than his perfectibility, Savonarola's was to be a theocratic republic, and man was to attend only to those things which would make directly for his salvation. When Savonarola, says, in the dialogue, that his aim was to produce a heaven on earth, Machiavelli neatly points out that 'the constitution of heaven is presumably monarchical rather than republican'. The argument was conducted on such a high level of intelligence that the figure of Savonarola created in one's mind by Burckhardt tended to vanish almost entirely. One might not agree with his views but they were not expressed with the foolishness that Burckhardt would have us believe. Mr. Cranston may have put only his best words in his month, but he certainly, for me, created a true and convincing personality for that strange, cowed figure in the portrait in San Marco. In this he was helped by Mr. Carleton Hobbs' excellent performance. Mr. Hugh Burden gave just the right touch of open *furberia* to Machiavelli, and they were both produced by Mr. Douglas Cleverdon with his accustomed high professionalism.

Later in the week, also on the Third Programme, Dom Sebastian Moore, a monk of Downside Abbey, gave a remarkable talk on 'The Appeal of the Monastic Life'. I admit that I have some sympathy with Mr. Nigel Dennis' onslaught, in *Cards of Identity*, on the monastical uses of modern methods of propaganda. But it is Dom Moore's belief that the monastic life is not set as far apart from the mundane world as we suppose. 'Monastic life does not start from this world', he said. 'It starts where this world starts. . . . It speaks to the man of God, but above all, it speaks to man of God'. The break with this world demands obtaining a new vision of that same world, and it is only by doing so that the monk can reach the final stage of the contemplative life, in which he is able to take the whole world and all life into his embrace.

Dom Moore seemed to be entirely aware of the dangers of fanaticism which, according to Mr. Patrick Leigh Fermor in his extremely interesting account of monastic life, *A Time to Keep Silence*, are as much present today as ever they were. For Dom Moore the ideal is that combination of the Roman legislator and the contemplative Christian which was St. Benedict. And then, wickedly, I recalled a remark made, in the fifteenth century, by a monk, Firenzuola, about the Benedictines: 'These well-fed gentle-

men with the capacious cowls do not pass their time in barefooted journeys and in sermons, but sit in elegant slippers with their hands crossed over their paunches, in charming cells wainscoted with cypress wood . . .'. Plus ça change, perhaps?

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

Elizabeth, Rosina and Lucy

IF THERE IS ANY DEDUCTION to be made from the experience of hearing Maria Vitale (as Queen Elizabeth I) sing on Monday of last week certain well-known phrases which we heard in their more familiar context from Victoria de los Angeles (as Rosina) on the following Sunday, it is not that Rossini was lacking in invention (which he certainly wasn't) or even that he was lazy (which he was), but that in the second decade of the nineteenth century Italian operas were still regarded as ephemeral works. An opera was composed for a given season at a given theatre, and no one supposed that it would have a long life, let alone be revived a hundred years afterwards. So why not cannibalise the dead opera, as they say of military equipment, for good bits and pieces that would come in handy for a new work to be produced somewhere else?

What is disconcerting is to find that Rossini could transfer music written for the serious character of Elizabeth, counting the moments till Leicester should appear, to the comic character of Rosina devising a hundred ways of outwitting old Dr. Bartolo. It may be that association suggests that the phrases suit the flighty Rosina better than the imperious Elizabeth. But there can surely be no question that the overture, which *Elisabetta* took over from an earlier *opera seria*, is much more at home in the context of Seville where we usually hear it. Rossini was at this stage essentially a master of comedy, and Beethoven was surely right when he made his famous request for 'more Barbers'. That he eventually developed a capacity for serious opera, 'William Tell' and 'Moïse' (which the Third Programme might do well to bring to our notice) bear witness. It was, indeed, unkind to 'Elisabetta' to put it on while the splendid music of 'Tell' was still fresh in our ears, and then to follow it on the next evening with 'Lucia di Lammermoor'.

Donizetti's serious operas have been out of favour for a generation. His masterpiece in this kind has not been heard at Covent Garden since Toti dal Monte, flirtatiously fluttering a fan and appearing not at all distraught, delivered the 'mad scene' close up to the footlights. Virginia Zeani, who sang it in the performance broadcast from the Stoll Theatre last week, sounded as if she were more in character. There was pathos as well as brilliance in her performance of the *scène à faire*, which became thereby dramatically moving instead of being just an exciting display of vocal technique. It may be that the singer could not, as Tetrizzini could, rely on technical proficiency alone to 'put it across', for her tone was not always intrinsically beautiful and tended to shrillness on the high notes. She hardly did full justice to 'Regnava nel silenzio', in which she was unsteady and not always dead in tune.

The tenor, Giacinto Prandelli, has a voice that is sweet rather than heroic in quality and, though it admirably met the requirements of Donizetti's lyrical music, he was inclined to express his sorrow at parting from Lucia in too bleating a tone. He sang better in the later acts apart from an uncertain start in the sextet. There was an excellent baritone, Enzo Sordello, who gave us some of the best singing of the evening. And there was the veteran, Vincenzo Bellezza, to show us, with the help of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, that Donizetti's score is not really so empty as some critics would have us believe.

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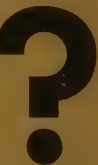
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Oddly, the conductor did not quite bring off the sextet, which lacked tautness and the right rhythmic lilt. It went better the second time and (tell it not in Gath) I was delighted when the audience insisted on the repetition of this grand piece of music. The chorus, from the Teatro Verdi at Trieste, was adequate but sounded, as Italian choruses are apt to do, as though they were thinking about something else than the feud of the Ashtons and the Ravenswoods.

The B.B.C. Chorus showed itself more on the spot in the two other important events of the week—Brahms' 'German Requiem' and Bruck-

ner's 'Te Deum'. This was a nice conjunction of opposites, the sombre brooding on mortality of the north German agnostic and the radiant faith of the devout Austrian. I am old fashioned enough to consider Brahms' the greater work of the two. It has a majesty of form and a profundity of thought that were beyond Bruckner's powers. Charles Groves secured a performance of the 'Requiem' with the particular assistance of the splendid baritone, Bernhard Sonnerstedt, though the great funeral march lacked the terrifying inexorability that Toscanini, for example, used to put into its iron rhythm. Karl Rankl

likewise gave a good account of the 'Te Deum' after a performance of the 'Eroica' Symphony in which he paid a scrupulous regard to the dynamic markings but too little to consistency of pace and, in the funeral march, to keeping the music in motion. After all, a march is a march.

On Thursday a series of Nielsen's Symphonies began with No. 1 played by the Danish Radio Orchestra under Thomas Jensen, a remarkable and original 'first', and on Saturday Norman del Mar introduced an unremarkable Overture by a Polish composer, Grazyna Bacewicz.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Sir Edward Elgar: a Centenary Appreciation

By SCOTT GODDARD

A number of programmes commemorating the centenary of Elgar's birth will be broadcast next week (both Home and Third)

IT is a truism, though one violently combated by the relicts and friends of a deceased musician, that an abyss opens directly after death across which no amount of ingenuity succeeds in throwing a bridge between his fame when alive and the eventual, hoped-for fame of imperishable historical greatness. The reactions of the next generation, bored at the best of times, frustrated, if not merely bewildered, in general, are against an easy acceptance of posthumous fame. The man is dead, his work is wide open to question, his reputation probably bogus. Into that abyss sink the achievements of a lifetime. The plaudits of contemporary admirers are no longer able to penetrate the air of icy indifference that rises from those depths. We peer into the abyss with curiosity, wondering what will be left to retrieve.

Elgar's fame may be said to have started at the turn of the century. It was the year 1899 that produced the first signs of the change from the general musical public's indifference to something more actively interested when, that June, the Enigma Variations were first produced in the St. James's Hall, London, under Richter. With the new century there came to Elgar a sudden increase in popular esteem and there began the great successful period of his career.

It seems now to have been a time of portentous change in England. The old Queen lay dying; that alone was a sufficiently astonishing fact, for she had long seemed imperishable. The new King was ready and eager to sweep Victorianism out of the way and the Edwardian era was, in fact, to be a very different matter. Things were moving beneath the surface of social life that were to produce considerable upheavals. The Webbs were gathering evidence of a peculiarly damaging kind to do with such unpalatable necessities as factories and all the attendant nuisances of working hours and the people who endured them. The Fabian Society had begun its interminable discussions and there was being painfully educated a fresh generation of thinkers (many of them of a quite astonishingly low class, it was rumoured) who were destined to get into Parliament and make life difficult for their betters.

But the surface was as smooth as ever it had been, during the early years of the century. Society was gayer, more vulgar than before. London, at the time when Elgar wrote of it in the Cockaigne Overture (1901), was still the cocksure hub of the world. The British Empire, as people knew it then and as Elgar hymned its dim ancestry in 'the regrettable final chorus of "Caractacus"' (the phrase is Arnold Bax's) was disintegrating, though few were aware of the fact.

In the country's music there were signs of an end and a beginning. Arthur Sullivan died

in 1900 and in the same year there died also George Grove who had taken him to Vienna searching for the lost orchestral parts of Schubert's 'Rosamunde'. Sullivan belonged intermittently to the Prince of Wales' set; a safe type of musician for Edward to patronise. It was not long before Elgar took his place, as now appears peculiarly fitting for him who was 'a representative, even an archetypal Briton of the last years of Queen Victoria's reign' (Bax).

The musician in Elgar was always in uneasy conflict with the courtier, and since it is as a composer that his reputation lives, his music is our chief interest at this moment. In 1900 'The Dream of Gerontius' appeared in that year's Birmingham Festival. It was the turning point in Elgar's career as a possible popular figure though nobody, himself included, realised the significance of the event, for the performance was poor. 'The fact is, neither the choir nor Richter knew the score', he said. In the following year 'Gerontius' was given its first adequate performance at Düsseldorf, where it had instant success and was repeated in 1902, when Richard Strauss, at a luncheon in Elgar's honour, toasted him as 'the first English progressivist musician'. It seemed as though Germany had taught England a lesson. If that was her intention she was soon to revise her opinion.

That same winter Busoni gave the first of his famous series of concerts at which he introduced new music to the Berlin public. The concert opened with the Prelude and the Angel's Farewell from 'The Dream of Gerontius'. According to Busoni's biographer, Edward J. Dent, the concert as a whole was greeted with a chorus of abuse, while Elgar's excerpts were described as 'the most barren piece of senseless music-fabrication that has been heard for a long time'. By then 'Gerontius' had begun to impress more people in England than the small assembly of musicians, among them Parry and Stanford, who had recognised the greatness of the work from the first. Within a few years it had become what it still remains, one of the three apparently immovable supports of choral societies, the others being 'Messiah' and 'Elijah'.

It is surprising to recall that it took Elgar forty years to reach this eminence. It may well be that, forced by the circumstance of having to make a living, he too often had given the public what he thought it wanted and could stomach. The pre-1900 cantatas had no great staying power and now seem irretrievably lost, though one's inert side still privately hankers after 'King Olaf'. In the comfortable late-Victorian years the arts, too, were comfortable. In music people were content to go gently ahead; they were willing to be moved but not too far for comfort, to be uplifted though never too high

for safety. In 'Gerontius' Elgar, for the first time, ignored their comfort.

What followed was all the finest of his work, the symphonies, the concertos (with the 'Cello Concerto as one of the highest flights of his mastery), the still hardly comprehended 'Falstaff'. Only his oratorios, other than 'Gerontius', lag behind; though it is instructive that at a recent festival in Colchester the house—a sizeable theatre—was sold out not only for 'Gerontius' but for 'The Apostles' and 'The Kingdom', also. At last, it seems, these two later works are making headway in other provincial centres than those of the Three Choirs where performances had become so much a matter of local piety that others were chary of putting them into rehearsal.

The instinctive reactions of the public since Elgar's death have been to allow their natural inertia to overcome their naturally flaccid spirit of enquiry. The reactions of younger men in Elgar's profession are more instructive. Arnold Bax, when he had unexpectedly allowed himself to fill out Elgar's decorative sinecure as Master of the King's Musick, wrote about Elgar with the authority of a creative musician and the acute insight of a man too old and too saddened by his own sense of neglect to be uncharitable. 'Like that of Wagner', and he might have added Vaughan Williams,

Elgar's creative seed was slow to fructify, though there are characteristic turns of phrase even in early compositions like the diffuse Froissart Overture and 'King Olaf' of rather later date. He had indeed a prolonged journey to make from the days when he arranged music for and played the bassoon in an asylum band, until that distant future morning when, in full Court dress and sword, he was to conduct 'The Dream of Gerontius' at a Three Choirs' Festival. . . . Elgar was ingrainedly and invincibly English; as English as Sir Walter Raleigh, Ralph Vaughan Williams or G. K. Chesterton, and also, be it emphasised, an Englishman of his own particular generation. There is evident not alone his love of nature . . . and the somewhat melancholy mysticism . . . pervading 'Gerontius' . . . but also the precise opposite of these characteristics—the blare of jingoism and Kiplingese and Rhodesian Imperialism so inalienably associated with the turn of the century and the period of Elgar's most fecund maturity.

A tribute of another kind, musical not literary and direct evidence of influence, comes from a younger generation than that of Bax. It is in the slow section of Walton's 'Crown Imperial' march.

The Spring number of *The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television*, Vol. XI, No. 3, published by the University of California Press (British, Cambridge University Press), price 9s. 6d., contains an article on audio-visual aids in teaching, under the title 'Goodbye, Mr. Chips', by Gerald Weales.



the things they say!



That's a natty suit you're wearing!

Glad you like it.

One of these new synthetics, I suppose?

Yes, it's one of the latest — 'Terylene'.



Hmm. I suppose in a couple of years we'll all be dressed in synthetics from head to toe?

Not quite. You can see from the papers that we're making more and more of these synthetic fibres, but I know enough to tell you that they're never likely to oust fibres such as cotton or wool as our main textile materials.

Why is that? The old story of Britain again lagging behind in production?

No, we're expanding the output of synthetic fibres at a great pace. But you've got to keep a sense of proportion — why, in 1956 this country's consumption of cotton alone was about 730 million pounds.

Still, in time, when all the new synthetic fibre plants are completed . . . ?

No, not even then. The natural fibres are generally cheaper. You see, synthetics are made from expensive raw materials, in special plants that cost a lot of money to build.



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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

KEEPING PASTRY CRISP

TWO LISTENERS ask how to avoid the crust of egg custard becoming soggy at the bottom, while a third asks if it is necessary to cook egg custard partly before making a custard pie. I will try to deal with these questions together.

To cook custard in pastry has always proved a difficulty, and the reason is that the custard needs a cool oven while pastry requires a hot oven, so we have to find some compromise. Roll the pastry thinly about one-eighth of an inch thick for small tartlets and slightly thicker for larger ones. When lining the dish, or small tin, turn the pastry over after cutting it out and place the floury side uppermost. Press well to the bottom and sides of the dish with a small lump made from pastry cuttings, in order to expel the air, and then let the dish stand in a cool place for a short time to allow the pastry to relax (this is important). Then pour in the custard mixture, uncooked and cold. Place on a thin baking tray and put into a fairly hot oven to set the pastry as quickly as possible, but reduce the heat after 10 minutes for a large, deep pie and after 5 minutes for a small tart. In this way the pastry will set before the custard has time to cook and so prevent any sogginess without spoiling the custard. Incidentally, this method will also prevent the pastry from rising to the top and leaving the custard at the bottom.

Another listener asks how to keep the bottom of an apple pie crisp; also, should the apples be put in cooked or uncooked? With the advent of oven-glass ware, it is more usual nowadays to make an apple pie without a bottom crust. But if you still prefer the double crust, use an enamel or metal plate, as this is a better conductor of heat and will set the pastry more quickly in a hot oven and so prevent it from becoming soggy. Personally, I think the flavour is better if the apple is used uncooked, but there is no reason why cooked apple should not be used.

I also have an enquiry asking how to get a treacle tart out of the tin without breaking it. Is your syrup mixture the correct consistency? See that there are sufficient breadcrumbs to prevent its running too freely. As in egg custards, line the tin with the pastry floured-side uppermost, and press it well to the tin to expel the air. After baking, leave it to cool before removing it from the tin. I think a much easier way is to make the tart in a flan ring on a baking tray. It is then a simple matter to remove the ring and slip the tart on to the serving dish.

DORA SETON

BAKED MACKEREL

Allowing one mackerel for each person, have them split and boned, and make a stuffing with breadcrumbs, sage, a grated small onion, thyme, one egg, salt, and pepper. Spread the mackerel with this stuffing, roll up tightly, and lay in a fireproof dish. Cover the fish with half a cup of tomato puree and the same amount of hot water, a pinch of celery salt, and a dessertspoon of a worcester sauce. Cover with a greased paper, or a lid, and bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 35 minutes. The quantities I have given are for four people.

ANNE WILD

APPLE CHUTNEY

As there are some delicious Bramleys on the market, you may feel like trying this recipe for apple chutney. You will need:

- Four large cooking apples
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of large muscatel-raisins, chopped up
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of ordinary raisins
- 1 large onion, grated
- 1 lb. Demerara sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of brown malt vinegar
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 2 teaspoons of mixed spices (ginger, cinnamon, allspice, etc.)

Chop the apples finely into a large bowl and over them pour the sugar. Add the grated onion, raisins, chopped up muscatels, spices and salt, and cover this mixture with the vinegar. Put a plate on top, and leave until the next day. Bring to the boil, and cook gently for twenty minutes. Bottle and cover. I find it keeps for months.

MOLLY WEIR

A guide book and cookery book combined is provided by Alexander Watt in *Paris Bistro Cookery* (MacGibbon and Kee, 15s.). The author lists fifty small, comparatively inexpensive restaurants in Paris, giving particulars of their facilities, and for the cook at home he gives 100 recipes from the house specialities of each. He also provides a cheese and wine chart, a comparative vintage table, a glossary, and end-paper maps of Paris with his chosen bistros pinpointed thereon.

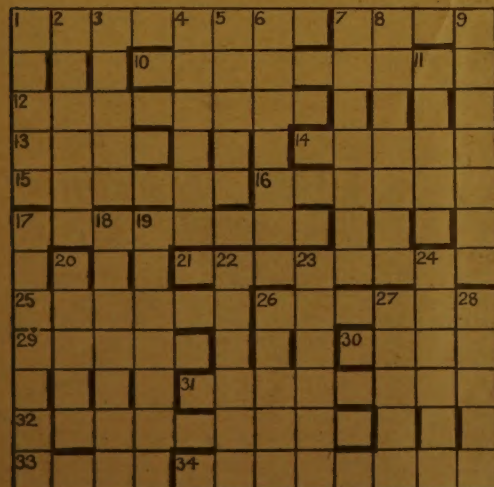
Notes on Contributors

- E. T. NEVIN (page 863): Lecturer in Economics, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth; author of *The Mechanism of Cheap Money*, etc.
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- WERNER STARK (page 879): Reader in the History of Economic Thought, Manchester University; author of *The Ideal Foundations of Economic Thought*, etc.
- DAVID PIPER (page 886): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery

Crossword No. 1,409. Plain, Padded, or Plush. By Mayfly

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

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Solvers may care to know that three of the lights are place-names and one a proper name.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Worry about the depression about—it's gelatinous (8)
7. Sensitive cell—a special piece (4)
10. South American tree (9)
12. Strikers—mostly American joints (8)
13. Grazing the end of the head (4)
14. Those habitual features (5)
15. Gert the Cubist (6)
16. Surround with sentimental glory (6)
17. Hither we 18D with this (8)
21. She turns into divine form of naiad (8)
25. Wine from Estremadura (6)
26. Ian fixes lots (6)
29. Expect a fall (5)
30. Tearful, cried, but not softly (4)
31. Poetical carriage beloved by Jupiter: the French carriage (8)
32. Another shot of brandy in the coffee (9)
- 33R. A small pig in smelting (4)
34. Plant old set in a frame (8)

DOWN

1. Damn the fellow (5)
2. Daunt a final state (6)

3. Nothing in one is stupid (5)
- 4R. Besides ingenuity, not a full stop (6)
5. Once a vast quantity (5)
6. There's something missing here (6)
7. Will's provision officer (7)
8. A scene can provide cover (7)
9. Carriages for the old have mixed-up bog (7)
11. Dress a pet pig (5)
17. Watch with light metal bob (7)
18. Reformed peer has new figure (7)
- 19R. Suitable subject in Shakespeare's day (7)
20. Tear round egg-head to plunder (5)
22. Undo a French tie (6)
23. Spiny old English letters (6)
24. Scots pen a girl (6)
26. Partially disabled, but managed in a way to speak (5)
27. Gutter in Scotland like grained sheepskin we hear (5)
28. Bound from the East-end (5)

Solution of No. 1,407

DAVID DEXTER
UYTWTBTDURE
SCIRYLLFIRVO
TLEALOKCOMA
LCYALONGAIRN
ERENOWGALLOP
ACKACKZEBRAS
PMAYKEELTUTU
LTLEMLUSROPP
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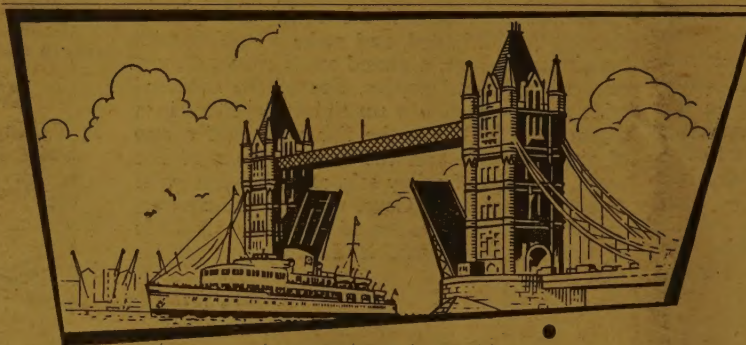
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